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Greatest Gas Well Ever Drilled

NIGHT PICTURE OF GAS FLAME AT CANEY, KAS.

The accompanying picture of the great gas well at Caney, Kan., is from a photograph loaned The Blade by H. R. Klauser, president of the East Side bank. The well has just been capped after running wild for weeks. The blaze shot upward 225 feet, eleven feet higher than the Nicholas building, Toledo.

The gas pressure was terrific. For weeks efforts were made to get the well under control, but heavy caps, weighing tons, were dashed aside like straws. The roar of the well could be heard for miles and at close range was deafening.

Those who have seen the Karg well and other great gassers at Findlay in their prime can have some idea of the tremendous pressure, but this well is said to have perhaps twice the pressure of those other wells. It is thought to be the greatest gasser ever drilled. Unlike the people of Northwestern Ohio, the citizens of Kansas realize the value of the gas and know that it is exhaustible, and will preserve as much of it as possible for fuel purposes. The picture of the well is also of interest because taken at night, the great light serving to photograph itself.

Roosevelt Family History

ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

Roosevelt is a name derived from Roseveldt—a Dutch word meaning the field, or veldt of roses.

Another form of the name was Rosendahl, a valley of roses.

As a family name, it is traced to Poland, where in the twelfth century it was assumed by a family who had a rose for armorial bearing, perhaps because they lived in a valley, or field of roses. They were called Rosenveldt, or Van Roseveldt. Other variations are Rosawelt, Rosenvelt, Rosavelt, Rosevelt, Roosenveldt, Roosvelt. The prefix Van, so common in early records, was dropped by the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The common ancestor was Klaas, or Claes Martenzen Van Rosenvelt, of Holland, who arrived in New Netherlands, or New York, 1649, with his wife, Jannetje Samuels-Thomas.

A New York directory, for the year 1665, has the name Bay Roosevelt—a name which appears as that of an immigrant arriving in 1663, in the ship Rosetree. His name is put down in the ship record as Bay Groesvelt. In 1664 he paid taxes on $400 personal property.

In 1728 Jacobus Roosevelt bought the Beekman swamp, New York city, as it was called, for £100. Here tanneries were established, and to this day that locality is called "the swamp." He laid out streets, one named for himself. The ten lots which he bought were each about 25 by 120 feet.

It was Jacobus' daughter, Helena, who married Andrew Barclay, after whom Barclay street was named.

Marriage connections exist with all the old, well-known New York families, the Roosas, Rutgers, de Peysers, Varicks, Bogerts, Aspinwalls, Courtlandts, Provosts and Duryeas.

A dozen children, or the maximum, a round baker's dozen, or thirteen, make a good showing in nearly every Roosevelt family of long ago.

Hoffman is another family connection. Isaac Roosevelt, who married Cornelia Hoffman, built the first sugar house erected before the Revolution. It was on Wall street. In 1772, when he removed farther uptown, his advertisement read: "Customers may be supplied with double, middling, and single refined loaf sugars, clarified muscovado and other molasses."

He was one of the first members of the Chamber of Commerce, and one of the incorporators of the first public hospital in New York. He served in the Revolution, and was one of a committee of one hundred to take control of the government, and he helped to found the state constitution.

James Roosevelt, the President's great-grandfather, gave his services without pay during the entire war of Independence.

John was captain of the Oswego Rangers, an independent company of foot guards, organized in 1775. Their uniform was of blue, small round hats, with a brass plate bearing the name Oswego Rangers.

Half-gaiters, black garters and all white underclothing were features of the uniform.

Captain John was as picturesque and dashing a figure as ever strode forth to do and dare. He was perhaps

Roosevelt

the hero of his day; "a gentleman and a college graduate."

The first lieutenant of the "Corsicans" was Nicholas Roosevelt. This was a militia company, organized under the spur of the approaching conflict of 1775. The Corsicans wore on their short green coats a red heart of tin, with the words "God and Right." Around the crown of their small round hats was the legend, "Liberty or Death," with a cock on one side of the hat.

There is a Scotch-Irish strain in President Roosevelt's Dutch blood, which comes from the Dunwoodys and Criswells, Pennsylvania settlers early in the eighteenth century.

A little romance comes into the story hereabouts. John Dunwoody, of Scotch-Irish parentage, settled in Chester county, Pa., in 1736. He was a school teacher, and along with "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic" he taught his pupils, that is, one, Susanna Criswell, aged 16, how to conjugate the verb "to love" so successfully that she promised to marry him if he would buy a farm.

As a matter of fact, she wouldn't give the fateful "yes" until he was a land owner. They finally settled at Brandywine Manor, where she was called the handsomest woman in the town. Of their eight children, one Dr. James, removed to Georgia. His daughter married John Elliott, United States senator, and it was their granddaughter, Martha Bulloch, who was "Teddy's" mother.

Through her, he traces back to Archibald Bulloch, the first governor of Georgia, and commander-in-chief of the state's forces in 1776.

In the present executive the south has a representative in the White House, more closely allied to it by birth than any president since Tyler.

It is, perhaps, from the Dunwoodys that Roosevelt gets his independent and aggressive spirit.

They were all fighters when occasion required. Several of the family served through the revolution, they knew Washington personally, and were with him at the battles of Brandywine and Trenton and crossed the Delaware with him.

On the Bulloch side of the house the President traces back to the family of Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, through his sister, Christian, who married Sir Christopher Seton.

One line of Roosevelts traces to Henry III of England and Eleanor of Provence.

In old Roosevelt records we come across such charmingly quaint names as Anatje, Nettje, Marritje, Elije and "Tryntje, or Cathrine, Jans Uijt den Hage." The last named was the bride of a Roosevelt. Another fair Dutch maiden with a name all her own was Heyltje Jakeyntje Kunst. She gave part of it up in exchange for that of the more euphonic one, Roosevelt.

Speaking of names and apropos of the bride of today, Alice, or Alys, traced to its root means "noble cheer," while Nicholas, a Greek word translated is "victory of the people."

Another word, which may be of interest in this connection, although the story has, of course, been told. When the President visited his mother's home in Georgia recently an interesting presentation was made to him consisting of two receipted bills, acknowledging the sale, by his maternal grandmother, of four negro slaves, whom she sold in order that she might obtain money to purchase the trousseau for the wedding of her daughter to Mr. Roosevelt, father of the President.

One of the bills reads as follows:

"Received, Dec. 27, 1843, from Mr. John F. Martin, $800; said sum being in full payment for one negro woman named Bess, and her child John.

(Signed) "MARTHA BULLOCH."

The arms reproduced, that of President Roosevelt, is argent, on a mount vert, a rosebush, with three roses in full bloom proper.

Crest, three ostrich feathers, per pale, gules and argent.

Motto: "Qui Plantavet Curabit" (the one who planted it will take care of it).

AS TO "FATHER."

Emancipation of Man Since the Revolt of "Mother."

The bread-winning employments now open to women are numerous, and she has again become an important factor in manufacturing and commercial industry. The last census of the United States shows her engaged in hundreds of vocations, including the learned professions. It is said that revolutions never go backward, but in this case there is evidently a return, in part, to primitive conditions, when women did all the work of the household and the men thought all labor, except warfare, beneath their dignity. In civilized countries—in this country, for example—seventy-five years ago work was more evenly distributed between the sexes, men doing the heavy out-of-door farm work, carpentering, blacksmithing, shoemaking, etc., while women were spinners, weavers, clothesmakers and the like, contributing equally with the men folk to the family's wealth. In all families except the wealthiest women carried on useful industries, reducing the purchases at "the store" to a minimum. But the introduction of the "factory system" deprived women of a great part of their employments.

The spinning wheel became a parlor ornament. The domestic loom went out of use. Even the domestic arts of preserving, jam making and drying fruits and vegetables for winter use were invaded by the factories and canneries. At length women, apart from housekeeping, had almost literally nothing to do. Man was the breadwinner almost exclusively, the wife and daughters being restricted to the lightsome and sometimes exiguous task of spending his income. This situation, when wages were scanty, was little better than the savage state, in which women do all the work.

For women who had no men to work for them it was wholly intolerable. The remedy was found in widening and diversifying women's employments. It was gradually applied, until now women, as employes in stores, offices, factories, hospitals, schools, etc., have become largely self-sustaining. This enlargement of women's sphere is a blessing, giving a more or less adequate living to solitary women and enabling wives and daughters to contribute to the family income. Comforts, and even luxuries, are brought within the reach of families, which if only the husband's earnings were available, would eke out a meagre existence.

There are indications that man—always alive to his opportunities—is essaying a relapse to the primitive conditions, in which the women not only supported themselves but him too. This is evidenced, it seems, in the popularity of a song of which the refrain runs "Let the women do the work—for the man," and in the general applause that greets another song of which the burden is "Everybody works but father." In this choice poem it is recited that "Mother takes in washing, and so does sister Ann." The other sisters presumably swell the family revenue, one as a saleslady, another as typewriter and a third as employe in a candy factory. Even the minor sons, while subject to maternal influence, earns wages. "Everybody works but father." Interpreted as a reversion to former conditions, not merely those of seventy-five years ago, but to those of our savage ancestors, this emancipation of man is interesting. "Our old man," it is said, enjoys the situation, seeing in the leisure of his position nothing less than a just recompense for his labors during the long period in which his daughters and sons were growing from babyhood to adult age. Man has come to his own. But while "father" enjoys his leisure, it is to be expected that "mother" will soon be asking where she comes in.—Baltimore Sun.

IN THE TEETH OF DANGER

According to the annual recruiting return, 35,351 new men joined the British army last year, and 29,941 the militia. These figures show a decrease from the previous year.

Some interesting information is given as to an unsuccessful experiment with respect to recruits whose teeth were defective. It was decided that these recruits might be accepted if the provision of artificial dentures (cost not to exceed £3) was likely to render them efficient. Recruits enlisting on these terms had to agree in writing: 1. (a) To pay on enlistment a sum not exceeding £3, or (b) to be placed under stoppages until the sum required to provide three dentures had been made good. 2. To undertake to maintain their artificial teeth in serviceable condition at their own expense during their period of service.

A considerable number of recruits enlisted under these conditions, but the experiment cannot be considered to have been a success, and has been discontinued. Many recruits repudiated their agreement, and in other cases the amount agreed upon was inadequate.—London Daily News.

THE OLD MAID AUNTS.

If you want to be interested, visit a family where there is but one baby and two or three old maid aunts. Sisters always love each other in a way to attract admiration, and an old maid loves her sister's baby almost as much as the mother. And away down deep in her heart an old maid thinks the baby loves her as much as it loves its mother. If we could have our wish we would wish to be a baby in a family where there are two or three old maid aunts; then we would receive attention.—Atchison Globe.

A SPRING SONG.

The Spring is here
Where'er we go;
Away with sleet!
Away with snow!
All joyous are
The bubbling rills,
Which seem to sing
Of liver pills.
The grass is soft,
And brightly green;
The fresh paint sign
Adorns the scene.
Down by the rivers
And the lakes
The tadpoles gambol
With the snakes.
And now that all
Is glad and gay,
I would that I
Could be that way,
For never do I
Feel, by jing
One-half so springy
As the Spring!
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AMERICANS IN MEXICO

Capital and New Methods Have Conquered.

The amount of money which our capitalists have invested in Mexico totals up to $500,000,000, and has been the factor in bringing the country to the front industrially.

Before the invasion of American dollars Mexico's population of 13,500,000 was living under a system of peonage, which was merely slavery in a modern guise. Land barons representing 7,000 families owned almost all the territory, and, although they did not virtually claim the services of the population, they held them at their mercy by a legal arrangement that did not allow a peon to leave one master for another while in debt, and the pittance of 15 cents which the peon daily received, and was forced to spend at his employer's store, proved effective in binding him to the land baron.

But, when American capital poured into the country, and labor was in demand, the peon quickly escaped his indebtedness and became a day laborer on a wage that ran as high as $1 a day. Today he is active in building and operating railroads and smelters, in tunneling mines and cultivating the soil—all under American supervision.

In return the investments are on a paying basis and promise to continue a fruitful source of income under the friendly rule of the Mexican government, which has left no stone unturned to secure peace within its borders that industry might have the right of way.

The $700,000,000 of United States money represents capitalization, as distinguished from capital invested, and the 2,000 firms and individuals who furnished this sum are not counted as partners to Mexican or European concerns.

The Americans have built new harbors and steamship lines. Of the latter they own all except three, and even in these they are heavy stockholders. They have taken over the railroads and built additional ones. And they have put on their pay rolls a vast number of Mexicans, so that it may be justly set down that the American is industrially naturalizing a whole people.

Mexico, by liberal concessions and negligable tariff duties on machinery, has discountenanced the assumption that it was unwise to get hold of a Latin republic for manufacturing purposes. The Americans met this encouragement by building iron and steel works, sugar refineries, packing houses, tanneries, flour mills, saw mills, plants for lighting, telephone and street car lines; set to work on municipal improvements; made irrigation dams and jetties and gave equal attention to shoemaking, tailoring and baking.

Agriculture was also in their province, and to this alone they contributed $50,000,000, both as firms and as colonists with small holdings, bringing new methods, a new science of culture and machinery. They attract labor by paying wages higher than the land baron ever dreamed of. In all this it is the presence of the American himself that counts greatly in the success achieved.

The invasion of Mexico is a far different thing from the invasion of Europe. Continental Europe is preparing to combat our entry of goods by adopting a higher standard of production, and is equipping herself at every point. Mexico, on the other hand, extends us a hearty welcome, because there is no home industry that can fear our competition. Instead, our imports are eagerly taken up and total $10,000,000 a year. The fact that we have taught the native to wear shoes as well as make them may serve as an indication of where the competition lies.

The Americanization of Mexico has proven a civilizing process in the creation of a class of high skilled Mexican labor, which, in turn, will mean the elevation of Mexico to a place of prominence in international affairs.

VALUE OF OUR FARMS.

The state department of agriculture has for distribution a pamphlet with the description of 1,700 New York state farms for sale or for rent, which also states that they "believe that there are over 20,000 farms for sale in the state, and nearly all at such low prices and upon such favorable terms as to make them available for any one desiring to engage in agricultural pursuits, or have a farmhouse." The federal census reports show the decrease in farm lands in the state of New York from 1870 to 1900 to have been $400,000,000, of which decrease $70,000,000 occurred between the years 1890 and 1900. State Engineer Van Alstyne states that the average freight rate on the railroads of New York state in the year 1865 was 3¼ cents per ton per mile, and that the average freight rate in the year 1904 per ton per mile in the state of New York was 73-100 of a cent. This is the measure of the growth of western competition in our New York state markets.

Mr. Van Alstyne also says that the people of the state of New York paid $142,000,000 less for their local freight charges in 1904 than they would have paid if the freight charges were the same as in 1865, and that for their through freight they would have paid $326,000,000 more if they had to pay the freight rate of 1865. The development of our farm roads by the expenditure of $50,000,000 has been urged in order to develop a complete state and county system of highways, to make our farms accessible to our present shipping centers, and to enable our farmers to place upon wagons with broad tires heavy loads to be drawn over roads which shall have grades capable of permitting a team to draw four tons to market in one-half the time that they are now able to draw a ton to market. Those who advocate road improvement in this state say that they believe that this system of improved highways can be built in ten years, and that, when it is once built, it will increase the farm values of the state an average of $10 an acre, so that its 266,720 farms, which average about 100 acres each, would increase in value to the amount of $266,720,000.—Harper's Weekly.

A CINDERELLA CENSUS.

The French census, which is taken tomorrow night on the stroke of midnight, is a rather serious affair for the French householder—that is to say, flat-holder. He is required to return the number of persons, not as with us, who happen to sleep, but who happen to be, on his premises at the time specified—their names, ages, professions, and so forth. He is liable for a due return about the artist who may be dressing his wife's hair for a costume supper; for the pianist who may have enlivened the evening; and even for the burglar whom he may find at his strong box. The census of a dinner party would be trying; that of a ball is simply unthinkable.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A SWORD OF THE OLD FRONTIER

Being a Plain Account of Sundry Adventures befalling Chevalier Raoul de Coubert, one time Captain in the Hussars of Languedoc, during the year 1763.

A TALE OF FORT CHARTRES AND DETROIT

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XXI.

Fully an hour must have elapsed, with no sound reaching us from without, save the barking and snarling of dogs. Upon what desperate foray that swarm of Indian warriors had been dispatched I could but conjecture, yet I was not foolish enough to imagine, because of their desertion, that we were left unguarded. Once Cassady suggested this as possible, and hinted eagerly at escape, but I had no desire for any such thing, and so plainly informed him, seeking only to gain early speech with the great chief of the Ottawas. The fire had largely died down by this time, leaving merely a red mass of coals glimmering through the darkness, while we remained amid a gloom so profound I could barely perceive the form nearest me.

I was lying outstretched in silence upon the trampled earth of the floor, hopeful the ladies might have been lulled into slumber by the quietness of so late an hour, when those embers without were violently stirred into new life by some savage hand piling onto them an armful of dry fagots. Almost in a moment the crackling flames penetrated the interior of the lodge, making its every corner visible. I had hardly time to glance hastily about me, noting the women to be both awake, their positions betraying their fright at this sudden revealment, when the opening leading outward was darkened by the entrance of a crouching figure. Six others followed closely, grave, silent, blanket-wrapped, their dark, impassive faces perfectly masking their purposes, their movements deliberate and full of savage dignity. No glance aside seemed to regard our presence, no wandering eye gave evidence of slightest curiosity; they but drew their blankets closer, taking seats in solemn silence about those blackened embers in the center of the lodge. It was a peculiarly impressive ceremony, while those black, totem-covered skins around them, the red flames playing on their swarthy features, and the gloom of the forest without, enhanced the impressiveness of it all.

From hand to hand the calumet passed silently, and watching them with interest, I knew they must all be chiefs of the Ottawas, by reason of the ornaments in their long coarse hair, as well as the totems painted upon their bared breasts. He who had entered the lodge last, yet had taken position farthest from the entrance, sitting now with head proudly erect, his bronze features chiselled into a stern manliness unusual in a savage, could be no other than that truly great chieftain, whose name was already the terror of the English border—Pontiac I looked upon him with ever-deepening respect, feeling to the full his dominant spirit of savage leadership. A man of more than fifty years, the lines about his mouth were firm and a bit cruel, his dark eyes restless and filled with craft, his nose large and wide of nostril, his cheek bones exceedingly prominent, his body yet lithe and strong, although somewhat heavier in build than were the majority of his race. His face was strong, stern, impenetrable, a most perfect mask to the scheming soul abiding within. It was not disfigured by those symbols of savagery so pronounced in the other countenances about him; it was the face of a man of intense will, inscrutable, crafty, ambitious, fearless of peril, and tenacious of purpose. It was thus I ranked him, nor have I since found any cause to revise that first swift estimate of his character.

For several minutes they continued to sit thus silent and motionless, except as that single carven pipe passed slowly around the circle, each grave, taciturn face bent upon the ground. Apparently we remained utterly unnoted, and I slipped quietly back to the side of mademoiselle, where I might venture to whisper a final word of encouragement into her ear. Then I waited, standing close beside her shoulder, watching that group intently, and not a little troubled and puzzled by such unsual procedure. I knew far better than to interrupt in any manner the grave solemnity of such Indian ceremonial, yet surely this was a most peculiar greeting to be extended to an envoy of France, one who had journeyed many leagues to sit beside these Ottawa chiefs at the council fire. It was more as if they held stern trial of prisoners, than a meeting of welcome to an ambassador. I swept those stolid bronze faces with my eyes, feeling a twinge of indignation as I marked anew their assumed indifference to my presence. By Saint Denis! let them dare to voice slightest insult, and I would show them, even here in the very seat of their power, the majesty of France. This rash impulse to assert myself, to demand my rights openly, was still uppermost, struggling hard to burst through that outward calm I had assumed, when Pontiac lifted his head, but without deigning to glance in our direction, and commanded gravely in French.

"Let the white stranger come forward, and explain his mission to the Ottawas."

The words were not gracious, nor the tone in which they were uttered, yet I crushed back my first unwise feeling of resentment, and, leaving a quick, reassuring pressure upon my lady's hand, stepped promptly forward to where the ruddy light of the flames fell full upon me. For a moment I met the chief's gaze fairly, his dark, deeply indented eyes, haughty and stern, seeming to read me through and through. Then they dropped from my face while he gravely scrutinized my garments.

"You sought audience with Pontiac," he said with extreme dignity, the guttural of his native tongue making his French difficult to follow; "It is well; I am here."

"Pontiac, and chiefs of the Ottawas," I began, my voice grown hard with the anger that shook me, "this seems strange reception to be offered one sent hither by Monsieur de Villiers. I come to you also as a chief, an officer, the representative of a mighty nation. I am not here to beg your mercy, to bow my knee, nor to be tried of your council. What mean those guards yonder at the entrance? Deem you that your confederacy is already so strong you can safely play with French power, and treat as prisoners those who come to you upon a mission of friendship?"

I paused, chilled to the very heart by that strange silence, by the grave, emotionless scrutiny with which Pontiac's mocking eyes surveyed me. As I thus hesitated he arose in slow dignity to his feet, wrapping his robe yet more closely about his strong figure.

"We have heard your words," he said calmly, "and they seem full of threat, unbecoming in council. Pontiac has ever been friend to the French; he has marched through the forests in their armies, and led his Ottawas into battle at their desire. Is it likely, then, he would now despise any accredited messenger from him who commands for the French father upon the great river? Yet Pontiac is not a fool. I have ofttimes held council before in the lodges of my people with representatives of the great French father across the sea—but they have ever approached Pontiac's council fires with dignity, robed as becomes soldiers and chiefs, not draped in rags unfit even for a voyageur after furs."

His eyes swept me again from head to heel in a contempt he hardly tried to disguise, while I caught that same expression reflected upon the stolid faces of those about him. Before I could recover from my first surprise, and find fit speech in explanation of my plight, he continued in the same measured tone, each sentence a sarcastic insult.

"Moreover, white man, we have already received word regarding you, which, if it prove to be true, makes our reception here all too tender for one who seeks to win confidence through act of treachery. You speak English?" he questioned suddenly, and in that tongue.

"Yes."

"I thought as much. You were with the ferryman at the Rasin?"

"One day and two nights."

"While there, knowing him to be of that blood, you told him that you were an English officer, traveling from Fort Miami, seeking to reach Detroit with an important message; you even requested his assistance to that end—is this not the truth?"

I bowed in silence. It was positive relief thus to realize at last just what was causing the restraint of my reception, and I smiled grimly to myself as I thought of how swiftly this stern questioner would drop his savage suspicions at glimpse of my papers of authority. Let him go on now to the full length of his string; the reaction would only prove the greater, my final triumph the more complete.

"After all this," he continued tartly, angered at my indifferent bearing, "you dare to come here to me, dressed in those rags, asking to be received and treated as a French officer. It must be that you rank us Ottawas as fools. Whom do you choose now to represent yourself as being?"

"Captain de Coubert, the special messenger of Monsieur de Villiers."

I have never seen an Indian smile, but Pontiac's thin lips parted so that the white teeth gleamed maliciously between.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed, with a slight gesture of his arm beneath the blanket. "We are greatly honored by having so distinguished a guest in our lodges. I even think I may have heard the name mentioned before. Know you if there be two Captains de Coubert in the French service along this frontier?"

"I have heard of no other."

"Yet such a thing might be possible, so we will let that pass. Now one question more. Did the instructions you received from Monsieur de Villiers also include the violent attacking of my officers while on your way here?"

"My first duty was to my own commander," I replied, "and the dispatches I bore were destined alone for your perusal. I have done no more than merely protect them from being read by others who might misinterpret them."

Pontiac's eyes were unbelieving, and I could perceive a darker glow of anger beneath their half-closed lids. An instant they dwelt upon me, then he turned with an impatient gesture.

"Have Monsieur Quilleriez join us," he commanded imperiously. "I will sift this matter to the very bottom."

We awaited the coming of that interesting individual in a silence so profound it could almost be felt. Beyond doubt I was the calmest person present, for my confidence in the final outcome was by now so complete I even smiled to myself, while my fingers toyed with that silk-wrapped packet at my belt. Sacre! 'twas not a tragedy I attended, but a farce, and I was to ring up the curtain whenever these others had played out their parts. I glanced around the gloomy lodge, taking my eyes from off those stolid Indian faces for the first time since our interview began. Cassady crouched just within the entrance, his short hair ruffled from passing his hands nervously through it, his gaze fastened upon Pontiac, as if fascinated by the savage. The ladies were farther back, amid the deeper shadows, standing up, their hands clasped, their faces exhibiting plainly the doubt and distress which swayed them. As I read this open index to their feelings, I determined to bring such painful suspense to a sudden ending. Yet even as I turned for this purpose, Monsieur Etienne Quilleriez came jauntily through the opening, and stood fronting us, bowing and posturing with all the graces of a dancing master, his ribbons, more numerous than ever, fluttering gaily in the red glare of the flames. Certes, but he made a fine, brave figure, with long sword at thigh, and cocked hat in hand, swelling out his chest, and lifting himself upon his toes, yet I noticed he edged across to the opposite side of the circle, and ever kept one suspicious eye cocked in my direction. Pontiac watched his antics with no great favor, I thought, especially when the somewhat embarrassed commissary drew forth a laced kerchief, and noisily blew his nose.

"Enough of such ceremony, Monsier Quilleriez." The chief spoke harshly. "You have merely been asked here to explain what you know regarding this man. Please be brief."

The curt bluntness of this order came as a surprise, and the startled commissary hemmed and hawed for some moments before he could get fairly started, shrugging his shoulders, his goggle eyes wandering from my face to that of Pontiac, as though seeking inspiration.

"Well, Monsieur Quilleriez, have you lost your tongue?" broke in the chief impatiently. "You have ever enough of it when not wanted, but now, when I chance to need your information to guide me, you stand there blinking and speechless as a day-struck owl. At least you can answer my questions. How came you first to meet with this fellow?"

This direct query broke the spell of silence, and the perspiring commissary began with great volubility, his hands gesticulating, his head thrown farther back as he realized the growing importance of his narrative.

"Mighty Chief of the Ottawas," he began, insensibly assuming the voice and manner of an orator, "it was upon your orders that I proceeded southward, with a party of Ojibways and Canadians, seeking stores for my department, and the execution of certain other duties of a more secret nature. Last night, at about sundown, we were met by the ferryman near the crossing of the Raisin. He informed me that a man, claiming to be an English officer from Fort Miami with dispatches for Detroit, was halted at his place, and he offered to conduct us thither and assist in making him prisoner. Zealous as I always am in your service, most illustrious Pontiac, I at once prevailed upon my men to follow me—although they were at first quite reluctant to do so—and we descended upon the house amid the darkness of night, surrounding it cautiously, in the way laid down by La Savere for such military emergency, and thus succeeded in making prisoner that red-headed soldier yonder, who was discovered asleep in an outhouse. Our only casualties thus far consisted of a bruised eye received by Francois Lavern, and sundry abrasions among the Indians. Much of this lack of bloodshed was doubtless due to the masterly manner in which the troops engaged were handled. Having secured this prisoner, we turned undauntedly toward the further duty facing us. Feeling, according to the well-known dictum of La Savere, that the preservation of the commander was of the utmost importance, I had the Ojibway warriors enter the house first, followed closely by my brave Canadians. But the room in which the Englishman had been left was discovered vacant. At first we believed our bird had flown, but an unusual noise drew our attention toward another portion of the cabin. It was that apartment wherein had been locked for security yonder lovely damsels, whom a traveler of authority had left a few hours previous in the care of the ferryman until he should return."

He bowed as he thus spoke, his hand pressed upon his heart, his eyes turned toward the dimly revealed figures of my lady and Rene.

"With that promptness, ever characteristic of the true military profession, I at once decided upon my line of action. It was, indeed, with deep regret I felt compelled by this necessity of war to intrude upon their privacy, for my heart is ever most tender and considerate toward the distress of the fair sex," he continued impressively. "But alas, there are times when the duties of a soldier override these nobler sentiments, and as a portion of your orders related to their being—"

"Confine yourself to facts regarding this man, Monsieur Quilleriez," burst forth Pontiac impatiently.

The flushed commissary started at the harsh, peremptory tone of command, and his eyes shifted instantly back to the stern face of the Indian, while he mopped his forehead vigorously with his embroidered handkerchief in an endeavor to conceal his deep embarrassment.

"Certainly, with pleasure, yes," he stammered. "I merely wandered in discourse beneath the spell of those bright and beauteous eyes—'tis ever the folly of a Frenchman. But to resume. Fearing that the Englishman might have found his way even into that abode of beauty and innocence, I proceeded—according to the instructions of La Savere—with that caution which, even more than reckless daring, is the true glory of military command, placing my Indians under command of the ferryman, who volunteered for the service, and dispatching them first within the darkened room, while I headed my brave and impetuous Canadians as a reserve force in the outer hallway. The arrangement as thus consummated was in accordance with the universally accepted rules of war, and you will easily realize the strategy shown. Fortunately there was no resistance offered, although the Englishman was indeed within, and armed with a most vicious-looking knife, with which he attempted to terrorize my heroic men, before I could hurl myself between them. With great exertion of authority I finally succeeded in restraining them from violence, and demanded the instant surrender of the Englishman. It was only at sight of me that he faltered, and claimed to be a French messenger from Fort Chartres, threatening me with most dire results if I ventured to place hand upon him. Fearing nothing from his blustering, I told the fellow boldly, all that was matter for your decision, and that he would have to accompany me at once to this camp. Finding resistance vain, for we had him completely surrounded, while I held the point of my sword at his breast, he at last consented, stipulating only that the ladies should also accompany us. As this accorded with your or—" He stammered, his fluency instantly paralyzed by the look which swept into the eyes of the chief. "I—I—believed it would be best to do so."

"You certainly behaved with great courage and prudence, Monsieur Quilleriez. Did your prisoner cause you any trouble on the way hither?"

"While en route I chanced to recall your dislike to being troubled regarding such matters, and, after holding council with my brave Canadians, resolved to demand at once those papers of authority which the prisoner claimed to have in his possession. I believe this also is spoken of in the pages of La Savere, but it was rather the confidence you have ever been pleased to repose in my military judgment which caused me to feel that such an act would meet with your approval. I approached him absolutely alone for that purpose, experiencing no sensation of personal fear, although he had before exhibited evidences of a most violent temper. As a soldier I believe that one's very life if necessary should be freely sacrificed upon the altar of duty. Perhaps I was over-zealous, and should have exercised greater precaution, yet I am by nature quite impetuous, and fearless to a degree."

He paused, his eyes upon the swaying trees overhead, his chest swelling with that deep sense of pride which had been awakened by his own words of appreciation.

"Well, what then?"

Pontiac's impatient query, gruff, imperious, brought the fellow back to earth with a suddenness which was startling.

"Then?—then?—why then he attacked me like a wounded bear. He was a perfect giant, and I no more than a child in his grasp, yet I should have killed him upon the spot, had I only found opportunity to draw my sword. It was a surprise, such as has befallen some of the most illustrious soldiers of history. My brave Canadians hastened to my succor, but for some cause the Ojibways had been won over to the side of the prisoner, and they protected him from our just vengeance. Yet, driven by the impetuosity of my nature, I should have even led an attack upon them had the Englishman attempted to go elsewhere than direct to this camp. As it was, only with difficulty did my men restrain me. Indeed, it was not fear, but discretion—as fully described in La Savere—which controlled my further actions—the thoughtful prudence of a soldier who has faced much of peril on fields of carnage; besides, the having with us of yonder charming young ladies caused me to hesitate at shedding blood in their presence."

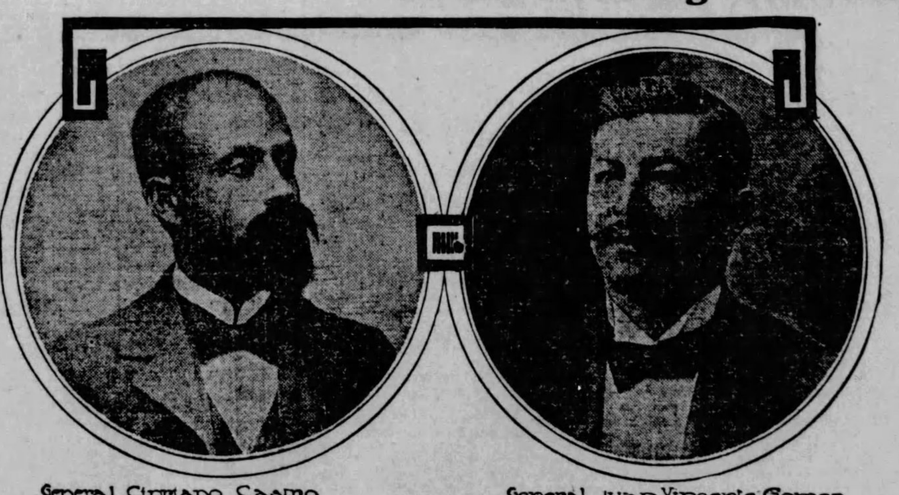
I gazed at the fellow in no small admiration as he stood there bowing and smirking, his handkerchief to his lips, his little eyes seeking the averted faces of the women, as though he would invite them to appreciate the rare forebearance he had exercised on their behalf. No peacock could have strutted more vainly, or with greater flash of color, than he did in his flaunting ribbons and gay brocade. My eyes were still resting upon him when Pontiac spoke, his voice a reflection of the disgust he felt at such foppish display.

"No doubt your duty was most ably performed, Monsieur Quilleriez," he said tersely, and then turned toward me, his stern face hardening into the severity of a judge about to pronounce sentence. "And now, Englishman, or whatever you may please to call yourself, what have you to say?"

The moment had at last arrived for me to vindicate myself, and by the speaking of a single word put them all to shame. I glanced aside at Mademoiselle, meeting her gravely questioning eyes fairly, and smiling back at her in supreme confidence. Then I took a step forward, drawing forth as I did so the packet of oiled silk from its secure hiding place within my belt. I felt myself the complete master of the situation, and faced that savage coterie with all the stately dignity of manner which is becoming a representative of the mighty power of France.

"This, chief of the Ottawas," I returned, with no inclination to mince words any longer. "I have been deeply impressed with the gallantry exhibited by Monsieur Quilleriez, and am indeed grateful to God at having thus

Castro Compliments Venezuela in His Retiring Address



General Cipriano Castro — General Juan Vincente Gomez

OLD AND NEW PRESIDENTS OF VENEZUELA.

Caracas, Tuesday, April 10, via Willemstad, Island of Curacao, April 14.—General Castro has transferred the presidency of Venezuela to Vice President Gomez. In an address which he made on that occasion General Castro said that his retirement was due to ill health, but he did not say whether it was temporary or permanent. It is generally understood, however, that his retirement will last about three months.

During the course of his remarks General Castro said: "Our present international position is completely defined and cleared up, and leads us to hope that everything will proceed with the utmost harmony on the foundation of mutual respect and consideration for our rights, as universally recognized, and that all pending matters will necessarily be settled by some friendly arrangement or by arbitration, the last resort of civilization.

"The financial situation of Venezuela cannot be more flattering. It is known in Venezuela and abroad that all Venezuela's engagements are religiously carried out."

As a result of General Castro's retirement the Venezuelan cabinet has resigned.

Paris, April 14.—The attitude of France towards Venezuela has not changed in consequence of General Castro's retirement. The French government is determined to await a propitious moment to seek satisfaction for the manner in which Castro treated the French cable company and M. Taigny, the former charge d'affaires of France at Caracas. But the officials do not indicate the policy which France will follow.

escaped serious injury at the hands of so zealous a soldier. Yet in resisting him I did not more than my own plain duty, as I am very sure you will soon acknowledge. Beyond this, my sole defense will be found within these papers, under the seal of Monsieur de Villiers, which I now place in the hands of him for whom they were written."

I stepped forward, across the pile of blackened ashes, and held out the package to the chief, truly amused within my own mind to observe the manifest impression which my confident words and bold demeanor made upon that astute warrior. For the first time, as he turned the packet over slowly in his hands, did there appear to dawn upon him the faintest possibility of mistake. Deliberately he untied the binding cord, and unwrapped the heavy outer covering of oiled silk; then his face darkened with sudden rush of passion, and he hurled the packet from him, flying open at my feet. It was empty—empty! not a single scrap of paper of any kind showing in the firelight; it had been stripped of contents, left a mere husk, pathetic in its barrenness. An instant he glowered upon me, as I shrank back, startled and unnerved by this unexpected denoument, his cruel eyes glittering with passion, his face that of a demon gloating over a prisoned victim. Then he burst forth into fierce, impetuous speech, all Indian stolidity forgotten in that moment of uncontrollable anger at so contemptible a trick.

"And you dare play with me!" he thundered, his foot stamping the hard ground passionately. "With me? with Pontiac? Dare stand and lie to my very teeth, and make of me a butt of laughter in a council of chiefs? By the Great Spirit, but you shall pay for it, as never white man paid such debt before! I will teach you what it means to thus affront the war-chief of the Ottawas. You shall die, Englishman, die as a cur dies—die whining in your agony, and begging for mercy. But there will be no mercy in the heart of Pontiac. I will remember your sly smiles, your bold words of bravado, and will steel my heart to your pain, while the squaws work their will on you, and the warriors of the Ottawas dance with joy over the revenge of their chief."

He turned suddenly, leaving me strugging in vain to speak, my lips too dry for utterance.

"Remove those women," he said commandingly. "Place them with the other prisoners; we will look to them later. Now I will attend to this English dog."

Dazed, benumbed, speechless, scarcely able as yet to comprehend the desperate stress in which I so unexpectedly found myself, I watched dully as the two passed by under their Indian guard. It seemed to me as if I were on longer a part of this grim tragedy, as though I merely looked on through a dim haze at some scene being enacted afar off. Yet I beheld it all—the corporal springing to his feet in a gallant effort to follow, only to be hurled violently back into the lodge; Rene, as she passed me with averted face, her hands pressed against her forehead, her slight form trembling from indescribable terror; and then Mademoiselle, her cheeks white as the driven snow, her clear, indignant gray eyes meeting mine, with a look in their depths which struck me like a blow. I stared after her, every faculty benumbed and dead, realizing at that moment but one thing—she believed I had lied to her!

Suddenly, as if recalled from death, I heard Pontiac's voice, stern, guttural, hoarse from unrestrained anger; it aroused me to some slight conception of my own imminent peril.

"Request the officer to join us."

I glanced about in dull wonder upon that stolid ring, each face as hard and relentless as was the swarthy countenance of the vengeful leader. Then a new figure emerged through the lighted entrance, I caught the colors blue and white, a gleam of gold lace, a shimmer of bright buttons, and my startled eyes rested upon the swarthy face of Black Peter, his stalwart form incased within the gorgeous uniform of an officer of the French Guards.

"Bien, Captain de Coubert," spoke Pontiac, sneeringly, "it is with pleasure I make you acquainted with your namesake."

CHAPTER XXII.

It burst upon me in an instant—that whole foul plot. Merciful God! how had I ever been so blind! The listlessness of my Indian paddlers, the searching through the pocket of my coat, the night attack on the island, the leaving us marooned amid the waters of that death swamp, the hurried flight in the canoe, the meeting and conference with Black Peter on the upper reaches of the Illinois—each separate detail, each half-forgotten incident flashed across my brain, startling every benumbed faculty into renewed life by so sudden a shock of discovery.

With one cry of uncontrollable rage I dashed recklessly forward, hurling aside those clutching red hands that sought to block my passage, and, ere he could even fling up his arms in defense, my fingers were upon his throat. The force of that impetuous onset flung the villain backward, and, welded together, we crashed through that opening between the skins onto the hard ground without, struggling fiercely, yet with me on top, throttling him without thought of mercy. It was no more than a minute I had, before a dozen eager hands dragged me roughly back from the prostrate man, striking me unmercifully with their sharpened sticks, and finally flinging me, bleeding and breathless, onto that pile of blackened ashes before the chiefs. Pontiac stood gazing down, his form motionless, his face impassive, an awesome, solemn figure, with fiercely burning eyes.

"Get up, you cur!" he commanded roughly. "Stand, Englishman, in presence of the chiefs of the Ottawas."

Someone kicked me viciously, and I staggered to my feet, still dazed and blinded by the blows and the fall, and faced him, the entire lodge no more than a dim mist swimming before my eyes.

"Has the French officer been seriously injured?"

There was a guttural response from the lips of some warrior behind, and Black Peter was pushed forward into full view. My hands clinched again at sight of him; but, although straining to break away, gripping, merciless fingers held me helpless, so that I could only stare, marking gladly a deep cut above the fellow's eye, and those livid finger marks, where I had sunk my hands into the flabby flesh of his swarthy throat. He panted still, his deep chest rising and falling in painful throbs, his eyes vacant and bloodshot. Sacre! he had paid, at least, some small price for his treachery; if God granted me life, I swore he should pay more. Pontiac watched us with the eye of a hawk, his circle of silent chiefs drawn closely about him, his bronze face as merciless as that of a wild beast.

"You know what that means?" he questioned, his gaze upon me, his finger pointing sternly at the disfigured envoy. "Pontiac protects his French brothers when in the lodges of the Ottawas; he revenges their wrongs even as his own, and he punishes their enemies. You know what that blow means, Englishman?"

I remained silent, reckless now of all consequences, yet with my every faculty once more alert.

"It means the torture, you dog," he went on, angered by the seeming contempt with which I fronted him, and seeking, Indianlike, to goad me into begging for mercy. "It means the gantlet, the stake, the fire, the gashing with knives, the searing of flesh, ay! the burning oil. You who came lying into the village of the Ottawas shall go forth from it a charred, shapeless thing, to be eaten by mongrel dogs; and before death comes you shall sob to the squaws for mercy, and they will laugh in your face, and spit upon you. With my own knife will I slit those false lips, and cut out that double tongue, and then will stand and gloat over the torments of one who sought to play with the great war chief of the Ottawas. What say you, Englishman? Are you glad you came?"

"That I am no Englishman," I answered, scarcely glancing at him, or removing my eyes from off the face of the renegade, "but exactly what I claimed to be, an officer of France, the rightful bearer of a message from Fort Chartres. You can do to me all you threaten, and I may die here in this camp of the Ottawas, but France will avenge me, Pontiac, and, in the end, you shall pay far the heavier price for this foul act of treachery. I ask no mercy from you, or your red gang of murderers, but if ever I gain my freedom, be it only for an hour, I will kill yonder black brute, that lying, cowardly spy, that thieving kidnaper of women, as I would crush out the life from a venomous snake. You hear me, Pontiac, and you other chiefs of the Ottawas, I dare you to wreak your most terrible vengeance; I laugh at your foolish threats of torture, for I shall look through the red flames and see the flash of the French sword being drawn to avenge me. You are the ones who will pay—in lives, in agony, in disruption of confederation, in bitterness of defeat—pay to the last red drop of blood, because you chose to accept the word of that despicable creature, and sell you honor for a handful of gold. Oh, I know the purpose of this contemptible brute, I know the unholy scheme of ransom concocted between you—you are the real fools, you Ottawas, not I, and, whether I be then living or dead, the price of your black crime will be paid; the united swords of France and England will demand it."

The dark coterie of chiefs stirred angrily at my mad words, but Pontiac restrained them with a gesture, his burning eyes never once leaving my face.

"Think you, Ottawas," I went on, my voice grown stronger from the emotion that swayed it, "you can torture to death a French captain, and it will not become known? The very leaves of the forest shall whisper the news to the ears of Monsieur de Villiers. Is he a man to forgive such deed? a man to say weakly it was all a mistake? Men of my race have died before in your Indian fire, hidden away in the darkest corner of the great woods, yet recall you one such instance when it remained long unknown? one instance where France failed to avenge the outrage? I dare you to burn me, Pontiac, and you, Ottawa chiefs; I am no friendless coureur de bois, no homeless voyageur; I am an officer of France, under protection of the fleur de lis."

My audacious words, my openly expressed contempt, my utterance of solemn warning were not without weight. I could read that much in those dark faces, and within the depths of Pontiac's glittering eyes. A doubt had been born, however small, and for the moment paralyzed action. Could it be they had been deceived? What mere adventurer would ever dare hurl such words of biting scorn into their very teeth? But this hesitancy was merely for the instant; hatred, the intense thirst for savage vengeance, swept aside all consideration of consequence, even Indian stolidity being forgotten in that first recurring wave of unrestrained license. For a moment I believed they would spring upon me, would tear me into shreds like so many famished wolves, but Pontiac drove them back, lashing them into sullen silence with his bitter tongue.

"Not until the absent warriors of the Ottawas return to their lodges shall this white man die," he commanded. "Then he shall make fit sacrifice for the vengeance of those he has vilified. Take him and his companion to the lodge where the other is guarded. Tomorrow we will paint them black, and when the shadows fall they shall sing their death song in the flames. 'Tis the judgment of Pontiac."

I never so much as quivered while I looked at him, scarcely realizing the full portent of those solemn words of doom. Brawny arms pressed me backward, holding me helpless within their cruel grip; I saw the vindictive sneer on Black Peter's face, the silly smirk upon the upturned features of Monsieur Quilleriez. Then something occurred to change it all. With desperate wrench Cassady broke loose from the useless grasp of his guards, and plunged headlong into that little vacant space between us. In an instant the entire lodge was in an uproar, and even I shrank back with all those others, staring in momentary horror at the mad convolutions of the Irishman. Could this, indeed, be merely acting, or had terror, at last, smitten the poor devil so harshly as to drive him mad? Whichever it might be, there was no doubt in the minds of the savages—with wild, guttural cries of fright they scrambled backward, pushing and jostling each other in mad ambition to yield him room, as though even the chance touch of his body might bring pestilence. Never before had I witnessed superstition work so swift a spell. Their startled eyes, their frantic shouts, their frenzied scrambling gave direct lie to that grave stolidity which had heretofore marked them. It was a wild rout, and when that first headlong rush had ceased, and the boldest among them ventured to glance stealthily back at the cause of their alarm, Pontiac alone remained as he had been before, yet even he had drawn aside as if from contagion, his startled face the reflection of fear, naught save dominant pride holding him fettered beside that writhing body.

Bon Dieu! but it was a sight to chill bolder heart than mine! With teeth tightly clinched, a white foam issuing from between the parted lips, eyes now rolling horribly, now set and glassy, his form changing constantly from death-like rigidity to convolutions strange to any acrobat; now stiffening with a jerk which seemed to snap the tense muscles like whipcords, then becoming flexible as rubber; writhing, twisting, rolling, leaping from off the ground as if propelled upward by some hidden spring, his face colorless as marble, his hands clutching crazily at the empty air, his moans like those of a wild beast, the stricken corporal formed a spectacle so terrible to gaze upon as to cause me, doubtful as I was of its reality, to bury my eyes behind my hands, seeking to shut out the dreadful sight.

Slowly, cautiously, those startled warriors drew closer about the struggling man, drawn thither by savage curiosity, yet ever keeping beyond the utmost reach of his gesticulating limbs, lest their very touch should bring them evil. I marked their stern chief shrink even farther aside, his eyes filled with dread lest this smiting might prove the harbinger of some ill fortune to his people, some omen of despair to himself. As last he spoke, his voice the mere echo of that used before.

"This man has been stricken of the Great Spirit," he said solemnly. "One greater than Pontiac has laid avenging finger on the brain of this white soldier. Leave him here within the council lodge, yet do with the other as I bade you. Then let the Ottawas gather with their medicine men to make peace with the Great Spirit, that we may be delivered from this impending evil."

One by one they passed out through the narrow opening, dragging me with them, casting back as they fled glances of awe at that sorely stricken man left writhing and moaning alone among the black shadows. Their guttural mutterings to each other, the uneasy rolling of their dark eyes, gave sufficient evidence of how thoroughly superstitious fear had overcome their gravity. Pontiac was last of all to desert that accursed interior; I saw him backing forth as from a throne-room, his eyes fastened upon the afflicted Irishman, his hands outspread, as though he would thus turn aside that dread evil threatening his village. Not until the yawning hole had been securely closed with a great skin did any savage about me wholly regain self-control. The supernatural, the unknown, the mysterious and uncanny, had laid clammy hand upon every untutored imagination, had filled that black council lodge with innumerable foul spirits of the air, to remain a curse unto their tribe until some fit sacrifice, offered amid the dismal incantations of their ghostly medicine men, should drive them forth, impotent for further injury. Superstition in an instant had utterly vanquished courage, and turned each stolid savage into a shrinking, skulking coward, trembling at an unwonted sound, frightened by every vague, flitting shadow of the forest.

Nor did this spell pass quickly. Those four brawny warriors, in whose charge I was left, hurried me forward beyond the gleam of the fire, glancing askance at each rustling of the leaves as we traversed our path amid the great trees, and trembling like so many cravens when the full, round moon burst suddenly into their faces from behind an obscuring cloud. Yet they held me tightly enough, their gripping hands more hard and cruel from their craven fears, their merciless prodding more relentless from their own eagerness to have done with such disagreeable duty. It was thus they drove me for upward of a mile, along a vague, shadowy trail, closely skirting the water course, a trail littered with roots, and obstructed by small round stones. Over these I stumbled in the darkness, only to be lashed back once more into the narrow track, and urged forward with greater rapidity, one swarthy brute ever behind to goad me mercilessly with his blackened stick.

We attained the end of this journey at last, a rude log cabin, containing but a single room, set in the midst of a little opening, apparently hewn from out the heart of the forest. The only visible entrance leading into its black interior was barred halfway up with stout oaken slabs. Just in front of this door flickered a small fire, around which were clustered a party of Indians, with one or two Canadians among them, wrapped in their gray coats. All these sprang up as we approached,, crowding about me with much merriment and cruel buffeting, until finally those in whose charge I was, becoming tired of the rude sport, lifted me suddenly in their arms, and, with a shout and heave, tossed me headlong across the high slab barrier into the unknown interior of the hut. I came down upon the hard earthen floor heavily, the breath knocked completely from my body, and lay there, helplessly, huddled where I fell. In mind I was dazed, bewildered, my body aching in every bone, my flesh a mass of contusions. Little by little there dawned more clearly upon me a realization of my terrible situation, the awfulness of that fate awaiting me. I thought of Pontiac, seeking vainly to devise some feasible means whereby I might yet awaken his doubt; I saw again the half-breed sneering at me in his moment of triumph, and clinched my teeth in savage eagerness for revenge. Then, like some visiting angel, there stole in upon my groping memory recollection of Mademoiselle, of that last proud glance of scorn at my deception burning in her brave gray eyes. Ah, this was the hardest! I could bear the rest, as men like me had borne such fate before, smiling to the end into the loathsome faces of their red torturers; could bear it unshrinking and undismayed if I might only know she yet trusted in my honor. Bon Dieu! how I loved her then! loved her in spite of all that hurt me grievously, recalling jealously to memory every slight kindness of speech, every gracious look, upon which I might build vague hope of some day breaking down that barrier of pride and caste between us. It was not my nature to yield wholly until the last breath left the body, and hence it was that even then, facing a death which seemed inevitable, my strong love conquered the night shadows, and sported unchecked amid a future sunshine. Saint Denis! it was better so; the spur of it stirred my stagnant blood, awakening me from that dull despair which paralyzes action. I could think, plan, ay! if chance arose, even strike again!

Far off, along the dim aisles of the surrounding forest, I could distinguish the dismal pounding of the tom-tom, and knew the medicine-men were gathering to practice their sorcery and drive forth the spirit of evil from the lodges of the Ottawas. It was a melancholy sound to listen to in such a place, bespeaking every approaching horror of the morrow. Then those Indians without burst into savage chant, so mournfully distressing, so morbidly horrid in its fiendish discord, that I closed my ears to shut out the gruesome discord. It was then that nature conquered, and, huddled up as I was like a dog, I fell asleep, the dreamless sleep of sheer exhaustion.

(To be Continued.)

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LADY CURZON'S LETTERS.

Lady Curzon, bringing back with her from India her quaint collection of "Babu" letters, has permitted two of them to appear in print. These two are letters which were received at the Allahabad Memorial Hospital for Women, and they testify to the honest, but most grotesquely expressed gratitude of relatives of patients. One of them reads:

"Dear Shoo—My wife has returned from your hospital cured. Provided males ar allowed at your bungalow, I would like to do you the honor of presenting myself there this afternoon, but I will not try to repay you—vengeance belongs unto God. Yours noticeably."

The other one is an example of what fortitude a man may exhibit on the death of his wife. Says he:

"Dear and Fair Madame—I have much pleasure to inform you that my dearly unfortunate wife will be no longer under your kind treatment, she having left this world for the other on the night of the 12th ultimo. For your help in this matter I shall ever feel grateful. Your reverently."

Weak Kidneys

It is of but little use to try to doctor the kidneys themselves. Such treatment is wrong, for the kidneys are not usually to blame for their weaknesses or irregularities. They have no power—no self-control. They are operated and actuated by a third set of a nerve which is largely responsible for their condition. If the Kidney nerve is strong and healthy the kidneys are strong and healthy. If the Kidney nerve goes wrong, you know it by the inevitable result—kidney trouble.

This tender nerve is only one of a great system of nerves. This system controls not only the kidneys, but the heart, and the liver, and the stomach. For simplicity's sake, Dr. Shoop has called this great nerve system the "Inside Nerves." They are not the nerves of feeling—not the nerves that enable you to walk, to talk, to act, to think. They are the master nerves and every vital organ is their slave. The common name for these nerves is the "sympathetic nerves"—because each set is in such close sympathy with the other that weakness anywhere usually results in weakness everywhere.

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If you would like to read an interesting book on inside nerve disease, write Dr. Shoop. With the book he will also send the "Health Token"—an intended passport to good health. Both the book and the "Health Token" are free.

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MISS EVANS, FLORIST

—ELIZABETH AYRES—

"Miss Evans, Florist," was lettered on the sign that marked the occupation of the one who lived in the small, brown cottage, built close to the street in order to permit space for the large greenhouse which filled the greater part of the lot. The cottage served, in a way, as a business office, but it was in the greenhouse that Miss Evans was commonly to be found, working among her plants and bringing to perfection their foliage and bloom. Miss Evans was a capable business woman in whom love for her work had bred a keen enjoyment of its duties. She would talk freely to her customers with whom she felt well acquainted, and some way her life among the flowers seemed to have colored her vision of the world, making it one of sweetness and beauty.

She was a large, fair woman, upon whom time had laid a gentle hand. Her skin was fine and freshly colored, and her yellow hair was given to crinkling into fuzzy little curls around her face when the weather was damp or she grew warm from exertion. Ordinarily she wore a washable cotton gown of a dull blue color, over which she tied a capacious white apron, adjusting the strings in a large, stiff bow at the back. Miss Evans conducted a thriving business. She seemed to know intuitively, the kind of flowers her customers wanted. She had a way of arranging a bouquet that showed the touch of a flower-loving hand, and she was always generous in tucking in an extra bud or blossom or sprig of green, which was not expected by the buyer. "Every one ought to have flowers who likes 'em," she said, "and when I know they haven't much money, and are just crazy for blooms, I can't help putting in an extra bit or two."

If the selection of a floral arrangement was left to Miss Evans, with the information concerning the purpose for which it was desired, one could be sure that her taste and judgment would be unerring, and one could be sure, too, that she would keep within the stated price and give abundantly in return for the money. She was practical, but her practicality was so tempered with sentiment that she sent out with her flowers a message of love and kindness to the world.

Long ago she told me how she came to be a florist. "Father died," she said, "when I was a young girl, and mother and I were left with very little. Mother wasn't much more given to sitting down and worrying than I. We had this place, and we'd always had flowers that were the wonder of the neighbors. All mother had to do was to look at a plant and it would most kill itself growing. She had the hand for 'em, and I guess she gave it to me, for I could make most anything thrive. We began with just a little mite of a greenhouse, but it paid from the first, and here we are. Oh, no, we're not getting rich, but we have a-plenty to live on and we like what we're doing. When you like you're work, it isn't work at all, it's just fun.

"Of course mother's sort of crippled up with the rheumatism now, and she cant' get around so lively as she did. But she sits in her window where she can look into the greenhouse and see the color of the flowers and how things are doing, so she's pretty happy, after all. I run in fifty times a day to tell her what's happening, and she gets over here quite often, so we're not so bad off as we might be.

"Being among flowers from morning until night is a pleasure. The trouble is, after I've raised a plant from the seed or slip, it sort of hurts to let it go. Like as not the folks that get it will let it die because they don't know how it should be treated, but that's one of the things we florists have to stand, and I give 'em all the lessons in flower culture I can when they come to take away one of my plant children."

It always occurred at the end of our conversations that she discovered some flower which for the health of the parent plant needed cutting. "Here," she would say, "take this pretty. It has to be picked, and I'm glad you happened along at picking time, because it'll do you good to have it."

One day she met me at the greenhouse door, with her blue eyes shining like the stars in a clear sky, and a pink color in her cheeks that matched the tint of the great cluster of roses she held in her hand.

"Now," she began, "what do you think?"

Then she told me of a man whose wife, for some reason, had lately left him to live apart. A dissension had arisen between them that led to a separation. It was an unfortunate affair, for they were too young to have met with shipwreck, and Miss Evans, knowing and liking them both, had spoken of them often, wishing they might again come together.

"Now," she repeated, "what do you think? He came this morning and sort of stood around, looking wistful and worried. I didn't let on I noticed anything, and kept talking just as usual, until all at once I took the notion he wanted to send some flowers to his wife. 'I have some lovely bride roses this morning,' I said. 'Why don't you send a bunch to some one they'll make happy?' He sort of colored up and then he said, straight out, 'That's just what I came for, Miss Evans. Will you send a box of flowers to my wife? It's our wedding anniversary and, though things are not between us as they were a year ago, I want her to know I remember.'

"He went right away after that, but I want to tell you I put in thoughts with those flowers that ought to spoil trouble, and I laid on top of the bride roses a bunch of forget-me-nots with his name written on a card pinned to them. Maybe I had no right to interfere that much, but I hate to see two people so foolish when I know they're loving each other all the time. I believe they'll make it up. A woman can read so much in a bunch of flowers, and bride roses and forget-me-nots tell more than a yard of talk."

At Easter time Miss Evans' greenhouse was a marvel of floral bloom. Tall, white lilies stood in serried ranks, their stately purity bearing the message of the sanctuary. Azaleas, flowered over with pink and white; hyacinths, daffodils, jonquils and violets—all the Easter blossoms, made the greenhouse a riot of variegated beauty and the air laden with the scent of flowers.

It was then that Miss Evans was in the glory of the year.

"It's the full-tide of the flowers," she said. "For weeks and months we've been working for this, and now it's come. We're ready to meet the rising of the Lord with songs of praise and thanksgiving. We're ready to decorate the altars with the purest things there are and the loveliest. Could anyone look at these blooms and want to be bad? Folks can make all the jokes they please about Easter being nothing but a time for the women to show their new hats and clothes. I know better. There's good thoughts around, and there's flowers to make the thoughts sweeter. Hats and clothes are fashions that never stay the same. Flowers are never anything but sweetness and love that were created to soothe trouble.

"Folks come to us to buy flowers to send to their friends on Easter day. If it isn't good thoughts that makes them want to send them, I don't know what it is. I understand what all my flowers mean, and when they let me know what's between the people that's sending and those that are to receive, I make the blooms fill the message just as well as I am able. Don't talk to me about hats and clothes being all there is to Easter. You wouldn't believe that if you worked with flowers and knew the kind of things people think and do when Easter time comes round.

"They're so cheering, too. Why, only a little bit ago a young man was here. I could see he was feeling awfully bad, and needed to notice something bright and happy. The tears came into his eyes when he told me the girl he hoped to marry was very sick. He couldn't see her, and it seemed as if he couldn't stand the worry. 'Goodness me!' I told him. 'She'll get well. Just you send her some of these prettys. Nothing that looks like a funeral, because then she'd know you were feeling bad, but just let me fix you up a bunch of daffies. They're so cheerful you almost have to laugh when you look in their faces.'

"I led him around where the daffies grow and before he went away he was smiling. 'Send her a big box full,' he said. 'I believe they'll help her to get well.' "

She looked like a goddess of the flowers, standing there in the opulence of floral coloring. "Aren't they joyous!" she exclaimed. "Easter is surely the bloomtime of the year."

She bent to examine a rose tree and to touch with loving hands the growth of leaf and flowers. Her hand stayed at the stem of a half-opened, creamy blossom. She clipped it from the parent plant and handed it to me. "Here," she said, "take this pretty. It has to be picked and I'm glad you happened along at picking time, because it'll do you good to have it."

Farmstead

Questions for Answers.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible:

I have a young heifer that has fallen into the habit of eating young chickens. I will be obliged to any Farmstead reader who will tell me of a way to break her.—C., Sparland, Ill.

Will some reader of the Farmstead columns tell me something about raising artichokes? When should they be planted and in what soil? What cultivation is needed? How and when harvested? Do they renew themselves? Are they valuable as stock food?—M., Mich.

Will some of the Farmstead readers tell me where I can obtain some of the old-fashioned, spotted, red-meated sweet pumpkin seeds?—H., Roscommon, Mich.

My cattle are afflicted with a disease that I do not understand. They begin with a watery sack under the jaw which, in three or four weeks, swells until it reaches the throat. They finally die. I have lost five this winter. Would like to know the disease and how to cure.—M.

Have a cow that was fresh in February. There was a swelling of the udder at the time, which is much reduced, but there is still a lump in the center, while the sides are inflamed where they rub against her legs. The animal has a good appetite, and seems in usual health. Would like to know what to do for her.—D., Bear Falls, Va.

Farmstead, Toledo Blade:—Can some one of the many readers of Farmstead explain to me what is the cause of starch settling in the bottoms of the crocks of milk? The milk will be perfectly sweet and there will be about two tablespoonfuls of starch to the gallon of milk. I slop the cows with bran and feed clover hay. They seem perfectly well. Any remedy be thankfully received.—H., Roscommon, Mich.

That Self-Milker.

I saw in the Farmstead of the 29th ult. something about a cow that milks herself. I had one of that kind. Rub her teats with bitter aloes; wash off with warm water before milking. The experiment was a complete success.—C., Sparland, Ill.

Eczema.

Editor Farmstead:—Some one asked for a remedy for eczema. I think the following is a sure cure: Take broadleaf, or yellow dockroot, boil until strong and wash the parts affected.—H., Russell, Pa.

For Horse Colic.

G., Bancharant, Ia.:—For colic in horse, take three tablespoonfuls of peppermint and the same of ginger; put it in a little over a pint of cold water and give it to the horse. If not relieved in 30 minutes repeat. I never knew this to fail. It is not often that it needs to be repeated.—O., Horseheads, N. Y.

After Beasts of Prey.

Wolves and mountain lions are giving the stockmen a good deal of trouble on the ranges in several of the national forest reserves. Vigorous complaints have been made to the forest service of the loss of cattle and sheep, particularly cattle, from this cause. Protection is sought by the stockmen, and the forest service, which collects a fee for the grazing permits, has promptly assumed the task of finding and putting into effect practical measures to aid the cattle owners in exterminating the destructive animals.

The chief difficulty has been on the Wind River division of the Yellowstone reserve, in Wyoming. Some of the live-stock companies in the region assert that the wolves are increasing so rapidly that the future welfare of the cattle industry is in serious danger. Among the proposals which these conditions have called forth are that a bounty be offered for the animals' destruction. The stockmen along the northern boundary of the Gila reserve, in New Mexico, and in the Wichita, in Oklahoma, have suffered almost as severely.

Last spring the government appointed John Goff, the skillful hunter who acted as guide to the President during his hunting trip a year ago, as forest ranger, and set him to hunting "lions" in the Shoshone division of the Yellowstone reserve, in Montana. Now that the appeal from the stockmen on other reserves is so vigorous, especially for the extermination of the wolves, the service has just sent an expert into the field to study the wolf problem. The man selected for this work is a recognized authority on the game and other wild animals of the country, Mr. Vernon Bailey, chief of field naturalist of the biological survey, from which he has been temporarily transferred in order to secure his services for this important project.

The animals which are causing so much trouble to stockmen are common in their native habitat, but are little known to easterners, who have not hunted them. The wolf is known in the west as the "timber" wolf. Though not large, it is powerful and quick. Not only does it kill calves and yearlings with ease, but it attacks and overcomes full grown cattle. When after this larger prey it does not go for the throat, as so many beasts do, but fastens its teeth in the muscles of the leg, hamstringing its victim, which falls defenseless. But little of the carcass is usually devoured by the wolves. The "lion" is, of course, the cougar, and no true lion at all. Nevertheless, it is a large and powerful beast, capable of playing fearful havoc among the cattle.

The wolves and lions are not classed in the west as game animals, but are regarded as pests and are commonly termed "varmints." Wherever they are plentiful a bounty is offered to encourage their extermination. Despite this, they are still sufficiently numerous to work much harm, and it is said that in some localities they are on the increase.

It is particularly notable that there has been so much complaint from the Wichita reserve, which the President has set aside as a game refuge. The wolves and cougars are the enemies of other wild animals, and the sportsman who desires to encourage American sport and to preserve American game, can be counted on to aid in the work of hunting them down.

In any case, however, the lion and the wolf must be driven from the ranges. Interests larger and more substantial than those of the huntsman and trapper demand it. The great live stock industry, which the forest service has pledged itself to encourage in all legitimate directions, has had to pay heavy costs in the loss of cattle, young and full grown. That those holding permits may be assured the full enjoyment of their privilege unmolested, every effort will be made by the government to co-operate with the stockmen in protecting herds grazing on the reserves from attack.

Mushroom Culture.

After a thorough investigation of the posibilities of outdoor mushroom culture, the bureau of plant industry announces that in this country few localities exist where this can be made commercially possible, owing to the wide range of temperature and large variation in moisture conditions that normally occur. It is thought that the only favorable regoins for mushroom culture out-of-doors are in California at Eureka and San Francisco.

One of the results of the department of agriculture's study of the mushroom industry has been the development of a new and scientific method of producing mushroom spawn, which is now employed by a number of American firms on a commercial scale. About 50,000 bricks were sold in 1904, and last year the amount increased to several hundred thousand.

A noticeable feature of the mushrooms produced by the pure spawn method of the department is their evenness of size, weight, solidity and tenderness.

A writer in the American Florist declares that he has raised mushrooms in quantities from such spawn which average one-quarter of a pound in weight, which size is attained without the loss of tenderness.

The Apple Tree Borer.

After twenty-five years' experience and study, for the first time in my life, I believe I am able to write the history of this destructive insect.

A flying moth in July or August lays her eggs on an apple tree limb or other bush. In a few days the warm sun hatches them, and the little grubs fall to the earth, where they burrow and grow for the time being until they find a more suitable location. They live three years. The first year they grow to the size of a wheat grain; the second year one-half inch in length, and the third year 1 inch long.

When they are 3 years old they become sluggish, forming a cocoon, containing a chrysalis, the larva developing into a winged butterfly, which flies away on its career of a few weeks to lay more eggs.

If at any time during their existence they find a young apple tree, they commence eating the root near the top of the ground, hiding under the bark, and never leaving the tree until they have destroyed it. Apple trees 6 inches in diameter are too large to be damaged by them. They sometimes attack peach trees, but the bark is bitter and they leave.

About the 20th of May take a hoe and dig the earth away 3 inches deep around each tree. Look close, and if there are any borers you will see their dust. Where the dust is seen, bore in with the small blade of your knife, following his path until you have found him; then place him on a board and cut him in two. Generally he is found just under the bark. If he has cut deep into the wood, jab him to death with a crooked wire and leave him there. Again, on the 1st day of November go over your orchard, just like you did in May. Twice a year will save your trees.—J. D. Hill.

Kerosene for Poultry Uses.

Kerosene is invaluable around a poultry farm. It is a simple remedy for many troubles. Put it on the roosts frequently; it will keep the lice in check. Dilute it with sweet-oil (about one-third) and inject in nostrils, roof of mouth and corners of eyes if your fowls have colds. Scaly legs are cured with it if properly applied, and an internal dose will help in many cases. An easy way to apply kerosene to the legs and feet of fowls to destroy the insects which cause the excrescences which sometimes appear is to fill an empty can two-thirds full of water, pour two or three tablespoonfuls of kerosene in the water, and dip the feet and legs of the affected fowls therein. Two or three treatments will prove effective.

The Squash Bug.

Regarding the squash bug, it never lays its eggs on the stem, unless by accident, but on the under side of the leaves. The eggs are of a dark chestnut color, globular in shape, and exist in clusters. They may be found by turning up the leaves, when the eggs may then be crushed. Another insect deposits its eggs on the steam; this is the borer. The larvae, as soon as hatched, eat into the stem, and are then difficult to dislodge. In connection with the above it is not out of place to state that one of the most effectual remedies against enemies of the squash vines is a solution of saltpeter, which is prepared by dissolving a teaspoonful of saltpeter in a quart of water and then sprinkling over plant, though sawdust, saturated with turpentine, is also used on the ground around each plant with success.

Killing Early Weeds.

There are many different kinds of weeds, and some of them start off early in the spring, almost before the frost leaves the ground. It is the early weeds that give the farmer the most trouble. If the land was plowed last fall, cross-plow it the coming spring, and then harrow or cultivate it as often as can be done until time to put in the seed. Every time the land is cultivated more weeds will germinate to be killed, and the more weeds that can be destroyed before the regular crop starts the fewer there will be to combat later on.

Animal Intelligence.

A very interesting book on the psychology of ants, and of higher animals, has been published by the Jesuit Father Wassman, and the work is the subject of a review by Lord Avebury in Nature. It is now many years ago since Lord Avebury became known as the great authority on ants and their ways, and since he wrote that "the chasm between the psychic life of animals and that of man is in many respects, wider between ant and man than between aut and man." Lord Avebury, therefore, does not agree with Father Wassman defines intelligence denies to ants any, even the most exiguous, rudiments of intelligence. Father Wassman defines intelligence as "the power of acting with deliberation and self-consciousness, of inventing new means for attaining various purposes, and thus making progress in civilization." He admits that the observations of all who have studied ants conclusively demonstrate that ants are not mere reflex machines, but beings endowed with the power of employing in the most various manner their innate, instinctive faculties and abilities under the influence of different sense-perceptions. Surely, then, says Lord Avebury, under his definition, it is impossible to deny that they have some intelligence. No doubt animals do stupid things, but so do we, and if an and applied Father Wassman's rigorous criticism to man himself it is not clear that our boasted gift of reason could be absolutely proved.

A WOMAN DOCTOR

Was Quick to See that Coffee Poison Was Doing the Mischief.

A lady tells of a bad case of coffee poisoning and tells it in a way so simple and straightforward that literary skill could not improve it.

"I had neuralgic headaches for 12 years," she says, "and have suffered untold agony. When I first began to have them I weighed 140 pounds, but they brought me down to 110. I went to many doctors and they gave me only temporary relief. So I suffered on, till one day in 1904, a woman doctor told me to drink Postum Food Coffee. She said I looked like I was coffee poisoned.

"So I began to drink Postum and I gained 15 pounds in the first few weeks and am still gaining, but not so fast as at first. My headaches began to leave me after I had used Postum about two weeks—long enough I expect to get the coffee poison out of my system.

"Now that a few months have passed since I began to use Postum Food Coffee, I can gladly say that I never know what a neuralgic headache is like any more, and it was nothing but Postum that cured me. Before I used Postum I never went out alone; I would get bewildered and would not know which way to turn. Now I go alone and my head is as clear as a bell. My brain and nerves are stronger than they have been for years." Name given by Postum Co., Battle

QUESTION BUREAU ?

TLES—1.—Your real name and post-
address must be on the sheet with
question. Initials will not do. 2.—
only one question; that is, there
be several questions on the same
ect, but not different subjects. 3.—
Editor of the Bureau is not allowed
give the address of any person or
nor answer as to the reliability of
person or firm, nor to tell where
can buy anything or sell anything
thing in the way of free advertis-
4.—We reserve the right to decline
nswer any question not of general
rest to a majority of our readers.
e will not answer any questions
religious topics — no questions in-
ving dogma or doctrine, or of Bib-
interpretation; no prices of old
or stamps; no arithmetical or
matical questions. 6.—Don't ask
es by mail. If a question is of gen-
interest to our readers, we will re-
in print, but never by mail.

t Cocoa.

itor Question Bureau:—What is
? What is it made of and where
d?—C. R., Taintor, Ia.

oa is the name of several trees form-
the genus Theobroma, the seeds of
ch furnish cocoa and chocolate. They
natives of the West Indies and South
erica. The fruit of the cocoa tree
what resembles a cucumber in shape,
s furrowed deeper on the sides. Its
while growing is green, but as it
s this changes to a fine, bluish-red,
st purple, with pink veins or, in
of the varieties, to a delicate yellow
mon color. Each of the pods con-
from 20 to 30 nuts or kernels, which
ape are not much unlike almonds,
consist of a white and sweet pulpy
bstance, enveloped in a parchment-like
ance. These are the cocoa or chocolate
of Cocoa is cultivated in the An-
in Mexico, Gautemala, Guiana,
guela and also in Africa and Asia.
wild trees yield only one crop every
between February and May; the
ivated trees yield a second crop in
ust and September. As soon as the
is ripe it is gathered and cut into
and the nuts, which are at this
in a pulpy state, are taken out and
in skins or on leaves to be dried.
have now a sweetish acid taste, and
be eaten like any other fruit. When
ctly dry they are put into bags and
to foreign countries. Before
made into chocolate these nuts are
ally toasted, after which their exter-
overing is easily separated. The ker-
s then pounded in a mortar and sub-
ently ground on a smooth, warm
Sugar and various kinds of spices
other substances are frequently add-
and with the aid of water the whole
rmed into a paste. This is put while
nto tin molds, where in a short time
ngeals, and in this state it is the
olate prepared for domestic use.

sky and Beer Manufacture.

itor Question Bureau:—Will you tell
hat year and in what country whisky
beer were first made?—E. W. W.,
isburg, Ill.

can give no definite answer to your
tion. The manufacture of both
ky and beer is of too ancient origin
its dates. One writer says the prep-
on of alcoholic liquor "seems to have
invented by the barbarians of the
of Europe as a solance to their cold
humid clime, and was first made
n to the southern nations in the
ngs of Arnoldus de Villa Nova, an
mpil" manufacture of ale or
is of very high antiquity. Herodotus
bes the invention of brewing to Isis,
tells us that the Egyptians drank a
r fermented from barley.

o and Euchre.

itor Question Bureau: In playing
o, does the player who makes trump
ys lead? In four-handed euchre,
the party at the right of the
er makes the trump and plays alone
leads?—J. F. Holt, W. Va.

pedro the player who makes the
p must lead. In euchre the first
er to the left of the dealer, leads.

a and Charybdis.

itor Question Bureau: Will you
se explain what Scylla and Chary-
are? What is the meaning of
ween Scylla and Charybds?"—A.
Luther, Ia.

ylla is a promontory of southern
, at the entrance of the strait which
es Italy from Sicily. Navigation
nd this promontory was considered
erous by the ancients, but is
ed by moderns as not attended by
al difficulty. Charybds is a whirl-
nearly opposite the entrance to
harbor of Menina, in Sicily, the
ation of which is regarded as very
rous to vessels of the pres-
age, and which must have been ex-
ely perilous in ancient times. "Be-
n Scylla and Charybds," means to
onfined to a choice between two
erous situations.

ries of Senators.

itor Question Bureau: Will you
ly state what the salary of a United
s senator is?—W. S. N., Equality,

e salaries of senators and members
he lower house of congress are the
e, $5,000 a year.

onal Cemeteries.

itor Question Bureau: Please publish
ugh your columns a short sketch of
national cemeteries, and where lo-
?—M. F., Monon, Ind.

tional cemeteries are burial grounds
tuted by act of congress, for the in-
ent of United States soldiers, who
fallen in battle. These graves num-
26,26, and are distributed in 72 spe-
and 24 special cemeteries of the
try. The largest national cemetery
he country is at Vicksburg, Miss.,
t 17,000 rest in eternal sleep here.
by is the cemetery at Natchez, where
are buried. In the immediate vicinity
he cemeteries at Port Hudson, Baton
and Alexandria. A national ceme-
y, located about 18 miles below St.
s. Over 11,800 soldiers lie here, and
emetery is one of the grandest sights
e world. It is about 300 feet above
Mississippi, on the west bank, and
ands a view in all directions over
bottomlands. This cemetery is re-
ably well kept. The national cem-
on the Custer battlefield, in Dakota,
rhaps the strangest burial place in
e world. It is a barren spot, con-
ing an enormous marble shaft, with
aves grouped around it. The strange
about this cemetery is that all those
ing there were killed on the same
. It may not be generally known that
United States maintains a national
etery in the City of Mexico. The 6,184
d there are the victims of the Mexi-
war.

Mariner's Compass.

itor Question Bureau:—Will you
e publish who invented the mari-
compass?—F. H. F., Herold, W. Va.

e origin of the mariner's compass
ot be traced with absolute certainty.
the year 1242 A. D., Ballak Kibdjaki
an explicit description of a primi-
kind of compass in common use on
Syrian coast, and it is said that on
return of Marco Polo from Cathay,
50, he brought a knowledge of this as
, as several other Chinese inventions
him. The Italians ascribe the in-
on of the compass to Flavio Gioja,
tive of Amalfi, giving the dates 1300-
but it is obvious from the dates
above that he can be credited only
some important improvements of
inserument. The discovery of the
ation of the needle has generally
attributed to Columbus, but it is
supposed to have been known much
er.

ion of Presidents.

itor Question Bureau:—Will you
e publish a short sketch, giving the
on of the Presidents from Washing-
to Roosevelt? Also the last words
en by them?—C. R., Willow, W. Va.

certainly cannot answer the latter
est. We sincerely doubt the possi-
of getting an accurate record of
last words of our Presidents. Wash-
on, Garfield, Harrison and McKinley
the only ones among the dead Pres-
ts were church members.
ms married a minister's daughter and
inclined to Unitarianism. Jefferson
not a believer, at least while he was
magistrate. Madison's early connec-
were Presbyterian. Monroe is said
have favored the Episcopal church.
Buren was brought up in the Re-

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formed Dutch church, as was President Roosevelt. John Quincy Adams was like his father. Jackson was a Presbyterian and died in the communion of that church. Harrison leaned toward the Methodist church, and Tyler was an Episcopalian. Polk was baptized by a Methodist minister after his term of office had expired. Taylor was inclined to the Episcopal communion. Filmore attended the Unitarian church, and Franklin Pierce was a member but not a communicant of the Congregational church. Buchanan was a Presbyterian, as was also Benjamin Harrison. Gen. Grant attended the Methodist church, and Garfield the Church of the Disciples. McKinley was a Methodist. These are all of whose religion we can find record.

Tristan da Cunha Islands.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give a brief history of the island of Tristan da Cunha. What country owns it, and where located?—W. B., Dolores, Col.

Trisdan da Cunha, or d'Acunha, is the name of a group of three small islands in the south Atlantic ocean, about 1,680 miles west by south of Cape Town. They belong to Great Britain. The principal and only inhabited member of the group is 45 square miles in area. It is an extinct volcano rising almost abruptly to a height of 8,200 feet. The climate is mild, but wet. Cattle, sheep and vegetables are raised. The island was discovered by the Portuguese navigator, Tristan da Cunha, in 1506, and in 1817 was taken possession of by Great Britain. In 1900 the population was only 70.

Christian Denominations.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give the names of the five leading Christian denominations of the world and the membership of each.—J. R. H., Marshfield, Mo.

The best answer we can give, or, the best figures we can obtain are as follows: Episcopalians, 29,200,000; Methodists of all descriptions, 19,850,000; Roman Catholics, 15,500,000; Presbyterians of all descriptions, 12,250,000; Baptists of all descriptions, 9,230,000; Congregationalists of all descriptions, 6,150,000.

Easter Eggs.

Editor Question Bureau: Why do people feast on eggs on Easter more than on any other day? And when did the custom originate?—J. G. J., Hickey, Mich.

Easter eggs are symbolical of creation, or the recreation of spring. The practice of presenting eggs to our friends at Easter is Magian or Persian. Christians adopted the custom to symbolize the resurrection, "and they color the eggs red in allusion to the blood of their redemption."

The Nati nal Debt.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell me what the debt of the United States is at present? Has the United States ever been out of debt since the revolutionary war?—I. F. C., New Paris, O.

The national debt at the present time is something over two billion, three hundred million dollars; we have not the exact figures at hand. The United States has not, at any time, been out of debt since the revolutionary war. The debt, as reported to the first congress at its second session, 1790-1791, by Alexander Hamilton, secretary of the treasury, consisted of the foreign debt, domestic debt and state debts, a total of $72,396,249.

Jenny Lind's Nationality.

Editor Question Bureau: What was Jenny Lind's nationality? Give a brief sketch of her career. What was the highest price paid at her entertainment?—T. A. M., Williamsport, Ind.

Referring to the last question first, we say frankly that we can't answer it. This great singer was of Swedish ancestry, having born at Stockholm, October, 16, 1820. She displayed musical faculties very early in life, and at the age of 9 her voice was considered so remarkable that she was admitted to the Stockholm Conservatory of music, where she made rapid progress. She made her debut in 1838, with great success, as an operatic star in Stockholm and other cities she extended her fame, and in 1841 studied for the greater part of the year in Paris. She went to Berlin in 1844 and studied German. During the next year she made a continental tour which established her in a position of supremacy. In 1847 she made her first appearance in England, which was followed by a succession of triumphs. She made a tour of the United states in 1850-2, which brought her fresh honors as well as large financial returns. In 1852 she was married in Boston to Otto Goldschmidt, then conducting the Bach choir, and virtually retired from her profession, though subsequently reappearning on special occasions. She returned to Europe, subsequently settled in London, and made her last public appearance at Dusseldorf, in 1870. She died in Malvern, England, November 2, 1887.

The Wyandotte Cave.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give the location and a short description of the wonderful cave situated in the state of Indiana?—W. W. A., Union City, Ind.

You refer to the Wyandotte cave? It is in Crawford county, Indiana, and is a natural formation, second in size to Mammoth cave, but having a greater number and variety of stalactites than any other cave in the United States. It has been explored for a distance of 23 miles. The chambers and galleries are numerous, some about 250 feet long and 180 feet high. Some of the remarkable features are Monument Mountain, about 175 feet high, and 75 feet above its crest is the grand dome.

Origin of the Japanese.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you tell us whether there is any truth in the statement that the Japanese are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel? I have heard of such a claim being made.—A. R. H., Matherton, Mich.

We have had questions similar to this before, to which no definite answer could be given. For centuries scientists have endeavored to trace the origin of the Japanese. Many theories have been advanced, but they have proved untenable after further investigation. Our inquirer may have read a recent magazine article by Frederic de Rcux, a French author, who draws from pictures published in a Japanese book to substantiate his theory that the Japanese are descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. This new book is full of portraits, the facial characteristics of which are so strikingly similar to those of the Jews that they have caused some lively discussion, both in Europe and Japan. These portraits have caused the French author to declare: "These people are not Japanese. They are Israelites. They are Jews, Russian Jews, bearing, no doubt, more of the marks of Asia than their brethren in western Europe, but still the posterity of Jacob. They are from the Ghettos of Moscow and Warsaw." Of old Japanese paintings M. de Doux says:

"They show what could be described as the advanced guard of the tribes in their exodus. If these pages come under the notice of rabbis familiar with the archaeological traditions of their people they will no doubt be struck by the resemblance that can be seen between the canes, umbrellas and banners which appear in these pictures and the similar objects which were in use in the temple of Israel. For my part I have met in the Ethiopian church, which is still imbued with the Hebraic cult, these forked-sticks and crutch-sticks of the priests, these bonnets of judgment, these umbrellas and these hornlike coiffures, which are found even on the head of the "Moses" of Michael Angelo as a sign of his initiation. I am especially impressed by the processions of personages, armed and helmeted, half religious, half military figures, which issue from the depth of the Talmud and are found in the Solomonesque church of Ethiopia. Just as in these processions of the Japanese pictures."

All historians have been bewildered by the stories concerning the early history of Japan. Most of this history, including the mythology, is preserved in the works entitled "Kojiki" and "Nihonji," both dating from the eighth century after Christ. The historians generally conclude that they stand on terra firma when they arrive at the year 600 A. D., about which time occurred the greatest event of Japanese history—the conversion of the nation to Buddhism. Whether or not some detachments of the lost tribes of Israel penetrated Japan will probably always be a mooted question. In his famous lectures on the history of the Jewish church, Dean Stanley said the assertion "that the lost 10 tribes are concealed in some unknown region of the earth is a fable, with no foundation either in history or prophecy." Nevertheless, he acknowledged that the first generation of exiles lived to see the fall of their conquerors, and that "after this it is difficult to discover any distinct traces of the northern tribes."

The Liquor Traffic.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give the consumption and value of intoxicating drinks used under the American flag, and the amount of revenue derived from that source.—E. W. W., Nestorville, W. Va.

In the year 1902 the consumption of alcoholic liquors in the United States amounted to 19.48 gallons per capita. This was an increase, since 1880, of 100 per cent. The total bill of the American people in 1902 was $1,396,098,276; the average yearly expenditure for the previous five years was $1,259,108,956. The record for 1902 represents a per capita expenditure for stimulants of $17.33 for the 79,006,000 inhabitants of the United States, or 4.7 cents per day. The users of alcoholic stimulants are estimated to form one-fourth the total population, on which basis the per capita cost of alcoholic beverages is $69.32, or 19 cents per day. We have not the figures to show the revenues derived from the sale of alcoholic beverages.

Miscellaneous.

J. T. H., West Union, O.: Memorial Day was first observed in 1868. The custom was suggested by Gen. John A. Logan.

G. W. H., Columbiana, O.: Pearl Bryan was taken over the river from Cincinnati in a hack and her murder committed there.

A. O. W., Plymouth, O.: The Van Duzan bill makes it mandatory for township treasurers to deposit funds in banks, the banks to pay interest and give security subject to the approval of the county commissioners. We cannot give the full text of the law.

M. D. T., Shelby, Nebr.: We know of no such pension bill as you inquire about.

T. J., Sweetwater, Tenn.: Have no means of getting the information you want.

A. T., Orchards, Wash.: Your married woman is not entitled to a pension for the loss of her son. She would have to prove that he was her sole support, which could not be done.

V. H., West Union, O.: In the event of the death of Governor Pattison, Lieutenant Goevrnor Harris would succeed to the office under the constitution. The only thing necessary for him to do would be to take the oath of office.

W. F. J., Hickey, Mich.:—You should see an attorney. In our opinion the merchant had no right under the law to keep your check. To us it looks as if the merchant is answerable under the law.

A. W. T., Homestead, Neb.:—We cannot answer your question, however much we would be pleased to do so.

C. L. H., Gold Hill, Ore.:—We know nothing about the poem you want published; furthmore we do not publish poetry in these columns.

A. E. J., Rattlerun, Mich.:—There is no popular suffrage in the District of Columbia, for the reason that the entire executive government is in the hands of a commission appointed by congress.

M. E. P., Randolph, O.:—It is our recollection that Hiram Bronck, "the last survivor of the war of 1812," is dead.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Mr. Will Crooks, M. P., speaking at East Ham, said the Labor party did not spell "Empire" with a big "H."

In walking a mile a man averages 2,263 steps, but when he rides a bicycle of average gear he covers a mile with an equivalent of only 627 steps.

The Bristol (Eng.) Home for Lost and Starving Dogs has provided an ambulance on cycle wheels for the conveyance of injured dogs to the institution.

M. Coquelin, the noted French actor, refused the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor when it was offered a short time ago. His answer was: "You have waited too long."

The King of Italy, short and squat, hardly comes up to the shoulders of the tall, athletic Queen Helena. The King of Portugal, though fatter, is shorter than his queen.

Mr. J. P. Morgan has given the eight pilaster fronts of the Louis XVI period from a French chateau and a collection of coins to the Metropolitan Museum of Art at New York.

Dr. Paul G. Wooly, director of the serum laboratory of the bureau of science in the Philippines, has accepted the directorship of the pathological laboratory Slam proposes to start.

Urging the parents to give their children a potato and oatmeal diet instead of tea, the Bishop of Galway says that if his advice were carried out there would be less lunacy in the country.

To a Japanese tourist charged with being drunk and ringing doorbells at 1 a. m., a London magistrate said, in discharging him with a caution: "Don't get into our English ways."

The important news is officially announced by the ordnance department that horse No. 81,775, of the artillery, has been chosen for the use of the Prince of Wales on public occasions.

Mrs. Richard H. Savage is the owner of the famous painting, "Sheridan's Ride," and values it at $5,000. A bill has been introduced in the senate for its purchase, to be hung in the corridor of the Capitol.

The gross earnings of United States railroads for the month of January show an increase over January, 1905, of no less than $21,824,988, or 20.44 per cent, and the gain in the net foots up $11,676,497, or 43.25 per cent.

Secretary of War Bonaparte has a fat old colored "mammy" for a cook, who weighs nearly 250 pounds, but it is said that the egg bread, fried chicken and the savory omelet that she can turn out would tempt St. Anthony.

Lord Wodehouse, who has been elected for Mid-Norfolk, is the youngest member returned to the new British parliament, having completed his twenty-second year last November. He is the youngest son of the present Lord Kimberley.

German firms are unable to fill all foreign orders for automobiles. Vice Consul Schlemmer, of Mannheim, writes that the German motor production for 1905 was $10,000,000, the export to England and France increasing 400 per cent.

Charles Jarroth has just driven up a noted mountain. Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, in a twenty-two-horsepower motor car, carrying six passengers. Mr. Jarroth ascended to a height of 1,400 feet. It was the first motor ascent of the mountain ever made.

"Don't worry about me," says Senator Platt, of New York, when friends pity him about his very shaky legs. "I have a brother up in New York state who has had legs like these for twenty years, and he's over eighty and doing business every day."

Kicking Himself.

Texas Jake—"And so, Bill you've hitched up to a filly since I saw you last—traded single harness for double, eh? Get anything to boot?"

Broncho Bill (repentant)—"Consarn it!—yes—myself."—Boston Transcript.

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IN A LONDON PARK.

Sights of Spring Among the Birds and Flowers.

This burst of May in early spring has awoke the park from its late winter slumbers with a perceptible start. A week ago it was slowly yawning into wakefulness; now everything is alert and alive; the early blooms are leaping into color or hurrying up through the warm earth, as if afraid of being caught napping. "Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil," and it is wonderful how rapidly the artist Nature has worked with her pigments, and how merry an aspect can be assumed within a stone's throw of the solemn dirtiness of Trafalgar square.

The rousing to life brings with it the evidences of strife. No sooner have the crocuses, brilliant patches of white and yellow and mauve, under the still bare trees, opened out responsive to the sun's almost summer warmth than the London sparrow marks them for its victim. With wanton energy, in sight of and in spite of park keepers, the feathered gamins are attacking "these infants of the spring." They are surely the anarchists of the bird world, and in the spirit of pure destruction are tearing away the flaming petals to strew them at their feet. For them the forces of law and order have no terrors; they seem to know that the black threads spread with so much back-bending labor across the early blooms are not so bad as they feel, and hopping artfully over the cotton entanglements they energetically pursue their work of idle destructiveness.

It is clearly the bird life which has caught the meaning of the spring's coming with such evident ardor. Even the legal-looking pelicans have turned quite frisky, and one can almost imagine them perpetrating a pelican joke. Below the bridge that crosses the lake they are to be seen, forgetful of what is due to their dignity, joining in the scramble for broken bread and buns. There is something ludicrous in the ease with which their pouched beaks monopolize the morsels. The only revenge of the small diving ducks is to disappear and come up with disconcerting abruptness under their portly competitors like a harassing submarine. But, after all, the ducks can afford to wait.

Soon the pelicans take wing, and with ponderous flappings return to their appropriate sphere of influence opposite the foreign office, there to preen with the leisureliness and something of the clipping movements of the barber, while the smaller fowl take their fill of the proffered bread. Nursery maids are proverbially fickle in the park (the proximity of Birdcage walk perhaps accounting for much), and having neglected the ducks all the winter, they are now giving them an uncomfortable surfeit. Even the loafer, moved by the genial warmth to risk rheumatism on the still damp turf, has a crumb for the birds, and sometimes more—a whole packet of broken food may find its way to the greedy swimmers on the lake.

Those wintry visitors, the gulls, or such of them as have not long since joined the migrant army on the Thames, are showing signs of uneasiness. They seem to have heard their "call of the wild," and their tamer comrades who make a regular home of it amid the aristocratic surroundings of St. James' are openly resenting their protracted stay.

That timidest of birds, the wood pigeon, who has taken to himself all the boldness of a guardsman, has no doubts concerning habitation. He is engaged in the pursuit of his feathered Phyllis with martial ardor, and will soon be picking up sticks. He has nothing to say to the public-building pigeon, and if one from Downing street happens to fly across to see what is going on, the humbler relation has a chilling reception. The nomadic wood pigeon who roosts within sight of cab and motor car is nothing if not exclusive.

There is one bird who, unlike the rest of this motley colony of the park, has so far shown no particular interest in the coming of spring—the black feathered cormorant in his compound not far removed from the home of the yellow-billed pelicans. On a rock jutting from the lake he sits in happy isolation, regardless of the burst of pink almond blossom which almost casts a shadow on the water, and indifferent to the more demonstrative birds whose fancies lightly turn in the right direction in response to the promptings of the season. Not that the cormorants are wholly unmindful of their duties to the park authorities, for each year after much sitting on a few black sticks perched uncomfortably on the cup-like summit of the rock a ravenous nestling or two duly appears.

Early yet is it to expect much evidence of spring on the trees of park and mall, although some of the larger shrubs are taking to themselves a faint haze of palest green. Hyacinths are thrusting their stalwart blooms through the ground. Daffodils "that come before the swallow does, and take the winds of March with beauty," are making good the poet's boast; and it only needs a continuance of such days of spring in the park as have startled everything into lustiest life, for these boldest and most graceful of spring blooms to join with the more modest crocuses in "painting the laughing soil." Any one who has not spent an observant hour in the park these warm sunny mornings has missed one of nature's cheeriest object lessons in the awakening of spring. — London Globe.

UNMARRIED, A LA MODE.

In regard to the ease with which orders for judicial separation can be obtained at the hands of our magistrates, Mr. Rose, writing from the Tower Bridge police court, paints an unpleasant picture of its effects. As he says, in a letter to the Times, a wife after the least squabble will rush off to the court, and, by stating a case apparently within the terms of the act, gain the relief she claims. The husband frequently returns to bachelor life, and in time, after lessening the allowance, stops payment altogether. The wife, if bad, goes in a wrong direction; if good, she goes to work, and thereby neglects her children. They get beyond control, are sent to a reformatory or industrial school and are kept by the public. She enforces the order; the husband is sent to prison for arrears; comes out, has lost his work, cannot or will not pay, goes to prison again and again, and is kept by society.

As Mr. Rose explains, a separation order may be granted to a wife on five grounds—aggravated assault, persistent cruelty, failure to maintain, desertion or habitual drunkenness. The wives, he says, come in numbers to try for the order. A woman will exaggerate a black eye, often purposely provoked, into an "aggravated assault;" occasional rough handling or words into "persistent cruelty;" a week's wages unearned or withheld into a "failure to maintain;" an absence of a few days in search of work or from a quarrel into "desertion;" and a Saturday night's excess into "habitual drunkenness." Some good wives, he adds, deserve such relief, and get it; and some good husbands—a man can only obtain an order for his habitual drunkenness of his wife—deserve the same, and do not.—London Globe.

Then Did It.

"How did you come to propose to me?" asked the widow, coyly.

"I didn't come to propose to you," replied her visitor, dazedly. "I came merely to spend the evening."—Houston Post.

GERMANS AND IDEAS.

Scientific Men at the Head of Great Industries.

"Unfortunately, it is only too true that scientific research is neglected in connection with our great industries. But what are we to do? We cannot compel manufacturers to employ men for the purpose of scientific research, as is done, for instance, in Germany. I suppose our conservative methods are to blame. There is a lack of scientific training among those at the head of our great industries, and they therefore fail to see the value of this special kind of work. A certain number of our manufacturers have been trained, but the majority come from Oxford or Cambridge without any scientific training. Much of their own time is taken up with management work, and as for the men who might assist them, if business is good the manufacturers see no necessity for employing extra men.

"In Germany a very different state of things prevails. There the man at the head of a great industry is a university man scientifically trained. He does not concern himself much with the routine work of management, but devotes a large part of his time in searching for new ideas. I will give you an example. When I was lecturing in Cassel a manufacturer attended my lectures. I pointed out to him that there was not much in the lectures likely to be of use to him. He agreed that the information would not be of use to him just then, but added that a time might come when it would be useful. He had all sorts of scientific information concerning his business carefully pigeonholed."—Sir William Ramsay in the London Daily News.

FACTS ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES

The islands of the Philippine archipelago number 3,141 in all, with a total area of 115,026 square miles and a coast line more than twice the length of the coast line of main United States.

Luzon and Mindanao are the two largest islands, containing 40,969 and 36,292 square miles respectively. Luzon contains 35 per cent and Mindanao 31 per cent of the total area of the archipelago.

The total population of the islands is 7,635,426, of which Luzon has one-half and Mindanao only 7 per cent.

The density of population is 67 to the square mile, while in the United States 26 per square mile is an outside figure.

The 7,635,426 population includes 6,987,686 Filipinos, 41,035 Chinese, 8,135 Americans, 3,888 Spaniards, besides Japanese, English, German, French and other nationalities.

Of persons over 10 years of age the literacy record shows that 2,762,093 can neither read nor write; 2,221,433 can read but cannot write, but only 76,627 have received superior education.

It is more than 1,100 miles from the far northern to the far southern island; nine of the islands have areas ranging from 1,000 to 10,000 square miles, seventy-three range from only 10 to 100 square miles; 2,775 islands, or seven-eighths of the total number are of less than one square mile area each.

Names have been given to 1,668 of the islands.

Volcanoes are numerous, but all except twelve are extinct; Mount Apo, the highest peak in the Philippines, 10,312 feet, is an active volcano, as is also Mayon, 7,916 feet high, the most perfect volcano in existence in the world.—New York Sun.

FIRST SHE IS PINCHED

Then Her Rosy Glow Is Quickly Matched Up.

Forever leaking out are the secrets of the dressing room; and each and every one but proves afresh that the sex counts no trouble too trying if only there is some good result.

In the primitive days (not so long since) beauty was content with almost any powder—cornstarch was better than nothing. She was as easily suited in the way of color—dabbing on anything so it was red. Very frequently she looked about as natural as those startlingly painted corpses in the Paris Morgue.

But no more of that.

She now has her complexion matched up like a costume, by a specialist. In powder there's everything from a creole tone to the almost lily hue possessed by some blondes. In this way she practically has her own complexion, and none of that awful pallor which suggests a tumble into the flour barrel. There's one best hue for day, and another, a trifle more dazzling, for night.

And rouge!

How does she match that?

Thus: Either one of the specialist's assistants, or she herself, gives her cheek a few vigorous pinches. Then the blood mantles up, and there's some lively work at trying each of the forty shades of rouge in order to get the exact tint. Rouge for evening must be matched up under a strong electric light.

PENNY PIECEWORK.

Consul Hurst, of Plauen, places in the same category with the incredibly small compensation received for making lace by hand the exhibits at a house industry exposition recently opened in Berlin. Of it he writes that everything one naturally connects with a great fair is strikingly absent. The products of tenement and sweat shop, small piecework evolved by the needy, are laid bare to the public. Each exhibit is ticketed, setting forth the pay for piece, time employed in making and the profit per hour. If the object itself does not particularly attract the attention of the visitor, the descriptive tag certainly appeals to him. A few examples may be given: A boy's suit of clothes, three pieces, made for about 17 cents; artistic wooden crucifixes, carved at less than 2 cents an hour; 144 toy menagerie animals for 11 cents; putting up 1,000 needles for less than one cent for the lot; mounting hooks and eyes on 360 cards with 24 pairs on each, altogether 17,280 pieces, for 28 cents, and an extreme case is that of a bit of lace from Plauen worked at the rate of about one-quarter of a cent an hour. Progress and poverty are nowhere more abruptly contrasted than in this pitiful display of confessions of amazement and sympathy, manifested by the highest classes of society, are echoed throughout the German press.—Washington Star.

A Fair Exchange.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate tells Harper's Weekly of a meeting at a London club of a bishop and Lord Rosebery. During the course of their conversation the reverend gentleman observed to his Lordship:

"I've an invitation to dine this evening. What a nuisance it is—a long dinner, I mean. There are two things I absolutely dread—a long dinner and a long sermon. I contend that, however good they may be, neither the dinner nor the sermon should take more than 20 minutes at the most."

Rosebery smiled. "It seems to me," he said, "that the matter might be nicely arranged by knocking 10 minutes off the sermon and putting it on the dinner."

A Favored Instrument.

The story is told in the Youth's Companion of a newly-rich woman, who on the occasion of her daughter's wedding, gave a large reception, for which music was furnished by an orchestra of 12 pieces.

The leader of this orchestra was a violinist who had achieved a social, as well as a professional success, and the rich woman evidently wished to recognize this fact and make clear her knowledge of it.

When the evening was half over, the butler approached the musicians, who were having a short intermission, and in his loftiest manner he said, after referring to a paper in his hand:

"The violin eats in the dining room, the rest of the instruments eats in the pantry."

That's the Other Place.

"Papa, is heaven paved with gold?"

"So they say."

"I should think they would be tearing up the streets all the time."—Life.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Evening in an old-world garden,
With her knitting on her knees,
Granny hears the children's voices,
Whispering to her through the trees.
Granny dreaming in the garden,
Seated in her high-back chair,
And the golden gleams of sunset,
Linger round her silver hair.

Gray old Granny,
Years a many
Write their furrows on her brow,
Nodding, sitting,
Dropped her knitting,
Gray old Granny's sleeping now.

Midnight in a splendid salon,
Glowing with electric light,
Green Chartreuse, and cigarette smoke,
Add their fragrance to the night;
Smiling 'neath a golden toupee,
With her neck and shoulders bare,
Good old Granny to her partner
Murmurs, "No trumps," I declare.

Good old granny
Years a many
Leave no furrow, not a ridge;
Painted, paneled,
Dyed, enameled,
Granny now is playing Bridge.
—J. M. Lowry.

Recent Literature.

The following books have been received by The Blade from the publishers named. For further information address the publishers, not us:

From Charles A. Scribners, New York:

An English author, L. Allen Harker, is the writer of the book entitled Concerning Paul and Fiammetta, for which Kate Douglas Wiggin has written an introduction giving her approval of the story. The novel describes the daily life of a charming English family in the country, and relates especially to its younger members.

There is no plot to the book and no sensational events related. It is just a winsome portrayal of winsome people whose lives are ordered in pleasant places, which affords a refreshing and diverting reading.

Camp life in the Canadian woods furnishes the scenes and incidents of the stories contained in the volume by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, entitled Bob and the Guides.

The stories were entertaining to many readers when they appeared in Scribner's magazine and in their assembled form they prove equally as readable.

A book of importance from the standpoint of both interest and value is The New Far East by Thomas M. Millard, in which he carefully examines the new position of Japan and what is likely to be her influence upon the solution of the far Eastern question. It includes the probable effect upon the interests of America and also the future of the Chinese empire.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:

Herbert Strang relates an exciting story for boys in his book entitled Brown, of Moukden, which is based on incidents supposed to attend the Russo-Japanese war.

The youthful hero is Jack Brown, the son of a British merchant doing business in Moukden at the outbreak of the war between Russia and Japan.

The story is illustrated and is warranted exciting from beginning to end.

The novel published under the somewhat striking title, Saints in Society, comes from the pen of Mrs. Margaret Baillie-Saunders. It is the outgrowth of a serious study of the London social problems, which are so many and so various, and is a very interesting story.

The success of Owen Wister's The Virginian, as a story and play, would have tempted most writers to a variation of the same theme, but Mr. Wister has wisely refrained, evidently believing in the charm of variety, and his latest novel, Lady Baltimore, which is named for a cake, is a radical departure from his tale of cowboy life on the plains.

The present novel is a portraiture of a quaint, old southern town called Kings Port, in South Carolina, which relates an entertaining story and places in effective contrast the vulgarities and ostentatious display of the "yellow rich" with the refinement and exclusiveness of the southern aristocracy. The novel is profusely illustrated by line drawings and half-tones, and is published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

The Challenge, a novel by Warren Cheney, is a story of the Russian fur traders in Alaska in the last part of the eighth century, relating a love romance in which people in the service of the Russian Fur company are engaged.

In plot and description the book is a good piece of work. It has much of the Russian literary manner and method, and it has the additional attraction of being different from anything in the way of Alaskan fiction that has been written. Bobbs-Merrill & Co., Indianapolis.

Beatrice Harraden has contributed to the collection of spring fiction a new novel entitled The Scholar's Daughter. It is the story of an episode in the life of a young girl, Geraldine, the daughter of a scholar whose devotion to his books and cold, self-contained manner drove his wife from him when her child was a baby. The little girl was brought up entirely without the companionship or guidance of her sex. Women were forbidden her father's house and her nurses and teachers were "book worms," engaged as secretaries to her father in his great work of compiling a dictionary. The book is prettily decorated and is a diverting bit of light fiction. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

In the book entitled Literature, the author, Professor Hunt, of Princeton University, treats with authority of the guiding principles of Literature, its scope and mission, the laws that govern its orderly development, and its relation to other great departments of human thought. The whole work has the atmosphere of careful research and is well designed to awaken thought in its readers. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

This little volume, entitled The Gospel of Love, by a minister of the Church of England, Rev. Edmund G. Moberly, is written to show that the ruling power of the world is God's love, and that the New Dispensation announced by Swedenborg, and which is the same as the second coming of Christ, has already begun in the spiritual awakening visible in the world. It comes from the Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia.

An excellent story of northwestern Canada is related in the novel entitled Alton of Somasco, written by Harold Bindloss. The book is a good novel of love and adventure, based upon an intricate and skillfully developed plot. A vivid description of the great northwestern territory, the story is especially interesting. The volume is illustrated, and is published by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York.

Lady Jim of Curzon Street is the title of Fergus Hume's latest thriller. The novel relates the story of a beautiful and fascinating, though soulless young woman who entered into a conspiracy to defraud an insurance company.

London and English fashionable society supply the scenes and incidents of this startling tale of a woman's sin and treachery. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York.

Why He Cried.

The little boy came out of the room in which his father was tacking down a carpet. He was crying lustily.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?" asked his mother.

"P-papa hit h-h-his finger with the h-h-hammer," answered Tommy.

"Well, you should not cry at a thing like that," said his mother. "Why didn't you laugh?"

"I-I did," sobbed Tommy.—Judge.

Wu Ting-fang's Sober Thought.

When the eminent Wu Ting-fang was Chinese minister at Washington he was the guest of honor at one of the leading clubs. Some of the younger members thought it would be great fun to get the Oriental diplomat intoxicated. They plied him with champagne, highballs and beer until about 3 o'clock in the morning, by which time most of the clubmen were maudlin. Cool as a cucumber, Mr. Wu surveyed the crowd, and said, gravely, in his perfect English: "If I didn't know that this club was composed entirely of gentlemen I should say that you

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1906.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CURRENT COMMENT.

Princess Ena will be a first of June bride.

Senator Platt seems almost sad enough to be a millionaire.

"The new postage stamps are warranted to stick." Together?

If he isn't careful, resigning will become a confirmed habit with Count Witte.

Even if we had no calendar it would be easy to identify April by its showers.

A four-year term in congress would seem to be all right for the right kind of men.

President Roosevelt firmly believes in calling a spade a spade, and a muck rake a muck rake.

Springfield, Mo., must have been envious of the notoriety recently attained by Springfield, O.

It would be quite a relief to have Maxim Gorky say something pleasant about somebody in Russia.

By resigning, President Castro, of Venezuela, has done about the last thing that was expected of him.

When he wakes up these mornings King Peter of Servia, involuntarily feels of his neck to see if it's still intact.

The Massachusetts man who found a dog tag in a frankfurter sausage didn't take the trouble to look for the dog.

We cannot all go out and gather wild flowers, but it is still comforting to know that they are blooming.

Spain wants an increase of revenues. This necessity may arise from the fact that Alfonso is going to get married.

If Senator Bailey isn't careful he will get himself disliked by some other senators for making arguments that are unanswerable.

A California minister has written an open letter to the Democratic party. The ordinary minister would have prayed for it.

Some men are so incredulous that they will not believe a weather prediction unless it harmonizes with the pain in their corns.

"What this country needs is a king," says a Boston minister. Uncle Joe Cannon is ready to stand pat with the hand he already holds.

Uncle Sam is in doubt just what to send King Alfonso as a wedding gift. There is nothing in the way of playthings the boy has not had.

An Arkansas man, so it is reported, can bite in two three decks of playing cards at one time. And yet he is allowed to go about without a muzzle.

It doesn't seem just right that Mr. Carnegie should take such great pains to explain that he couldn't help being kissed by those pretty Atlanta women.

After looking over this year's output of spring poetry, James Whitcomb Riley is planning to build a larger poet's retreat than was originally intended.

It has taken the senate three years to consider the Smoot case, so that anything that it may now do in the matter can scarcely be regarded as precipitate.

Maxim Gorky has told Mark Twain that the Russian people understand his jokes. This must have been quite encouraging to an ambitious young man like Mark.

So far as heard from, the Rockefeller baby has not as yet tried to say "goo." Perhaps he will not say it at all, preferring to wait until he can begin talking with the world "oil."

Senator Platt announces that he believes that he serving his last term. It is not thought that he had to consult a clairvoyant in order to reach that conclusion.

The President has determined that he will not again go hunting for big game while he is in office. Here, then, is another good reason why he will not accept another term.

If, when you look at the back yard, you feel like growling, just stop and reflect on what a long job of spring cleaning the people of the towns in the vicinity of Naples have before them.

Congressman J. Adam Bede says senators would be honest if the government paid them larger salaries. Is it possible that United States senators have never heard that it always pays to be honest?

"What has he done?" asks the Cincinnati man who wants Congressman Longworth's seat. That man should go into some newspaper office and look over the files of the paper covering the February news.

"Missouri is the greatest egg and apple producing country in the world," proudly declares the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It is quite a distinction, barring the fact that Missouri is also the home of the Ben Davis apple.

Hon. Dick Yates, who, for several weeks has been imagining himself beating Uncle Shelby Cullom out of the senatorship, is beginning to see something in the distance which greatly resembles the inevitable finish of an ambitious man.

There is an intimation from Washington that Speaker Cannon would not be averse to having a smaller Republican majority in the next congress. This must not, however, be taken as an admission of Uncle Joe's inability to handle the present majority.

THE PRESIDENT'S SERMON.

Whenever President Roosevelt speaks he says something worthy the attention of the country. This is true if his thoughts are embodied in a state paper or if coined into words and spoken to a popular audience. The President is at his best, however, when he sermonizes, for while men may not agree with all he says on questions of public policy, they must endorse his position when discussing a moral issue.

Of all President Roosevelt's utterances in public or private life, from the stump, the rostrum, the pulpit or the executive chamber, we doubt if he ever preached a healthier or more timely sermon than that delivered Saturday afternoon at the laying of the cornerstone of the office building of the national house of representatives. Taking his text from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the President elaborated on the man with the muck rake who continually works in filth and refuses to see anything above or beyond it. President Roosevelt believes in working in the muck because there is muck, and it must receive attention, but he does not believe in disregarding the crown and refusing to see anything but filth. Bunyan used his muck rake man as an example of him who sees only things carnal and loses sight of things spiritual. The President uses the muck rake man to typify him who in this life refuses to see anything lofty and ennobling, but fixes his eyes and mind only on things which degrade and debase.

There is no mistaking the President's words. The address was a rebuke for the muck rakers of the newspapers and magazines who indiscriminately attack character and thus, instead of being a help to society, become a potent force for evil.

"It puts a premium upon knavery untruthfully to attack an honest man," says the President, "or even with hysterical exaggeration to assail a bad man with untruth." Indiscriminate assaults on business men and men in public life, he explains, invites a reaction which is sure to tell in favor of the scoundrel who ought to be attacked, exposed and, if possible, sent to the penitentiary. Such indiscriminate assaults, President Roosevelt truthfully says, creaates a morbid and vicious public sentiment and deters good and capable men from entering the public service.

From beginning to end the address is an earnest appeal for the broadest sympathy of man for man and against an indescriminate assault on character for financial or political profit. It is an appeal which the muck rakers should take to heart whether they be capitalists or laborers and is directed against mudslinging and the sensationalism of the day. "To attack crime in a lurid and untruthful manner," says the President, "may do more damage to the public mind than the crime itself." The editors of yellow journals and those who feast on indiscriminate charges against public men as individuals and as a class need to read and ponder on this, the best sermon President Roosevelt has yet delivered.

THE SENSELESS MOB.

There may not be anything in the name, but this year Springfield seems to be synonymous with riots and mob violence. A few weeks ago the city in Ohio by that name was disgraced by a mob which burned buildings and attempted the indiscriminate murder of colored people. Now it is Springfield, Missouri. The action of the Missouri mob ended most disastrously, for three persons were lynched and their bodies cremated. To add to the horror two of the victims of the mob's violence are declared to be innocent of wrong doing. A mob is always senseless, whether the scene of its operation is in Ohio, Missouri or the south. It is an exhibition of brute force and ferocity for which there is no excuse. It is hoped the Misosuri mob leaders will be speedily and severely punished if those in Ohio were not.

THE COX OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Castro, the real dictator of Venezuela, has once more retired from the political stage, but these retirements remind one of a certain George B. Cox, who finds its convenient occasionally to disappear from in front of the footlights only to reappear when least expected and without formal announcement.

A few years ago Castro went into retreat, but unfortunately he failed to remain. He is a crafty politician and has proved eminently successful in stirring up all kinds of trouble in all parts of the world. His republic is debt-ridden, but so long as there are foreign corporations doing business in the country for him to squeeze Castro may be expected to maintain his grasp unless one of the numerous insurrections should prove powerful enough to drive him into oblivion.

WILLING TO COMPROMISE.

The probability of the Republicans in the senate getting together on the rate proposition is improving. If we are to take the word of the so-called opponents of the Hepburn bill seriously the differences between them and the advocates of the measure are not so radical as to preclude an ultimate compromise. In fact these differences appear to be more a matter of opinion as to the language employed than as to the principle involved.

The Hepburn rate senators assert that the bill implies court review, or rather that it is not necessary to state in express terms that the decision of the itnerstate commerce commission shall be subject to court review, for that is a right guaranteed by the constitution and cannot be abrogated. The opponents insist that the bill prohibits court review and because of this prohibition is unconstitutional.

Hence, while we have a difference of opinion as to the meaning of the bill under discussion, all are agreed that no bill depriving either carrier or shipper of his right to appeal to the courts can receive the sanction of the supreme tribunal. It becomes then a question of verbiage. There is a feeling on the part of the administration that the opponents of the Hepburn bill are whipping the devil around the stump; that while they are professing great zeal to perfect a measure which shall hold water, they are really seeking to delay action. The senators who are supporting the Hepburn measure are therefore inclined to accept the Knox suggestion to the Long amendment which broadens the court review provision while at the same time retaining the vital provision of the bill, that is, lodging authority for fixing a just and reasonable rate in the interstate commerce commission.

The proceedings in the senate at the present time may be called "maneuvers for position." Senators who were a short time ago declaiming against any plan of vesting the rate making power in the commission, are now seeking cover behind "specific court review." Having forced the opposition to yield its advanced entrenchments, the administration senators by continuing their flanking movement are attracting the attention of the country to the anomalous spectacle presented by the obstructionists who have already taken alarm and will no doubt accept a compromise that will appear to give them even a tentative excuse for their course. In other words, they are willing to surrender, provided they are permitted to keep their "side arms" as proof of their consistency.

CHURCH PEOPLE AROUSED.

If the church people of Ohio make united effort to bring about a more strict enforcement of the Sunday laws, they will have accomplished a most important reform. We are confronted with an unfortunate situation. We have a governor who is committed to a more rigid observance of the Sabbath and who, during his campaign and later in his inaugural address, pleaded for law enforcement. But Governor Pattison's serious illness has prevented him from putting his evident desire into practice. Armed with the authority, he is physically unable to act.

We have a number of mayors in Ohio who, during the gubernatorial campaign declared that they stood with Governor Pattison, and would give him their unqualified support. These men know his views respecting law enforcement. They know, too, that illness alone keeps him from exercising his authority. If these mayors did their duty, it would be unnecessary for the governor to interfere. Because they wilfully refuse to respect their oaths of office, and because he is incapacitated from taking drastic action, they are drifting along in the same old lawless way.

But there is another remedy. The people can take the initiative. Every mayor who refuses to enforce the law is subject to impeachment, and any citizen can lay the foundation by preferring charges. No one citizen, however, covets the notoriety which such a proceeding would bring upon him. Concerted effort, therefore, is needed, and it is to the credit of the churchmen that they are beginning to see the light. They can apply practical Christianity to the situation and thereby rescue the state from an immoral condition that threatens its very stability. It is time to call a halt on the growing tendency to lawlessness.

ANTHRACITE ARBITRATION.

The anthracite miners demand higher wages, a recognition of the eight hour day and the adoption of the check-off system. The operators refuse to concede these demands, which they meet with a counter proposition that the differences be referred to the strike commission which was created in 1903 through the earnest efforts of President Roosevelt. This clever stroke on the part of the operators has placed the miners on the defensive. They dare not refuse this eminently fair proposition for fear of incurring the ill-will of the public. To accept, it is thought, means a sure defeat as to some of their demands at least, but better this than to appear to stand in the way of a peaceful settlement.

If the strike commission undertakes the task of arbitrating the differences, it is not likely the members will seriously consider any other demand than that as to wages, and in this particular they will be guided wholly by conditions. Assuming that the anthracite coal industry is practically where it was in 1903, the miners will probably have to content themselves with a verdict not essentially different from that reudered by the commission in 1903, and as the operators have already proposed to continue that agreement for a term of three years, the miners will have gained nothing by the recent agitation. If conditions are better, the commission will probably grant a proportionate increase of wages.

But as to the check-off system, that is so repugnant to the principle of independence, that the commission will certainly ignore it. If the miners' union relies on coercion for its integrity, it is doomed to failure. There is neither justice nor wisdom in the operators obligating themselves to collect dues from miners. It is none of their affair whether their employes desire to be affiliated with organized labor or not. If the union is properly formed and offers sufficient inducements to the men, compulsion in the payment of dues will not be necessary. If it does not give value received, it is unworthy of support. One of the weakest features of the bituminous situation is the fact that the operators adopted this system at the behest of the miners, and are now up against this proposition that the funds which they themselves collected are being used against them in the present struggle. It serves the purpose of strengthening the union as an organization, but it is humiliating to the individual workers and demoralizing to the business.

It is observed that the operators propose a three years' settlement, thereby extending it over the next national election, and they frankly give that as their reason. This course is a wise one. It would be unfortunate for the country if it should be in the throes of a big coal strike during a Presidential campaign, and it should be the earnest wish of both parties to avoid such a complication.

The situation is hopeful for an early adjustment of differences in the anthracite field. The operators have committed themselves to the principle of arbitration and the miners can scarcely afford to hold out against what the people believe to be a fair proposition. The success attending the former efforts of the strike commission leads to the conclusion that it will be aqually happy in its work of adjudication now.

LEGISLATIVE USURPATION.

Because President Roosevelt, rather than exercise his power of veto, chose to send a message to congress indicating how a bill could be amended to meet his approval, he is being criticized for attempting to "usurp legislative functions." His critics, who would be sticklers for form, claim that he has no right to thus appear to direct legislation, that he must either approve or veto and throw the entire responsibility on congress.

That position is absurd. The veto power is designed to be a check on legislation, not a destroyer of it. It is supposed to operate in two ways—one by imposing extra caution on legislators who will not deliberately invite a veto, and will, therefore, frame their bills to meet legal and public requirements; the other, by lodging in the President a final supervision, whereby legislation will be subjected to close scrutiny as to its language and its intent. In a way the President possessing the veto power becomes a co-ordinate branch of congress as to all matters of legislation that require his sanction.

The same question arose when the Brannock bill was presented to Governor Herrick. He declared that a veto meant a defeat of all temperance legislation because the time was too short for the legislature to act on his veto. He therefore conferred with members of the legislature to secure such amendments as would make the bill acceptable to him. His action was severely criticized, and yet, however much people of Ohio may differ with the governor's views on the bill itself, it is now generally accepted that he acted wholly within his right. His knowledge that the people demanded a residence local option bill was sufficient ground for his adopting the only legal course that could secure it. Instead of killing the legislation by his veto, he sought to preserve the principle through a conference. So President Roosevelt, rather than defeat a meritorious measure merely because it contains objectionable features, confers with congressmen with a view to having these objectionable features eliminated.

If this be usurpation, it is of a kind the people want.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

In the present national house of representatives there are 252 Republicans and 138 Democrats, a Republican majority of 114. The congressional committees of both parties are now organized and the contest is on for control of the next congress. Chairman Sherman, of the Republican committee, admits his party will lose some seats, but is confident it will maintain control. In order to capture the next house the Democrats must not lose a single member and must displace fifty-eight Republicans with that many Democrats. This looks like an impossibility and to bring it about will require a political revolution.

The Wall Street Journal presents some figures to prove that such a revolution, however, would be but repeating history. In 1892 Grover Cleveland was chosen president and the house elected with him contained 219 Democrats, 120 Republicans and 12 Populists. Two years later the Republicans elected 244 members, Democrats 110 and seven unattached. In that year the Republicans gained 120 votes in the house, or 62 more than would be needed by Democrats to control the next congress.

It is true, as the Wall Street Journal points out, that the elections of 1894 took place in a time of great financial depression which had a marked effect on the voters. But go back to 1880, the year Garfield was elected President. With him was elected a congress composed of 152 Republicans, 138 Democrats and three unattached. In 1882 the country was enjoying a period of great prosperity and yet the congress elected that year contained 194 Democrats, 120 Republicans and eleven unattached. If the Democrats make as great gains this year as they did in 1882 they will control the next house.

However, it is too early to make estimates. Much will depend on the action of the present congress. If the senate has the wisdom to pass a just railway rate bill, and if our national lawmakers will show a disposition to no longer look upon the schedules of the present tariff law as something sacred and not to be revised, but will start the work of revision along sane and protective lines, then there will be no danger of a political revolution. There will be a revision of tariff schedules and it should be done by the Republican party, but if that party does not show a disposition to act in accordance with the sentiment of the people there is no telling what will happen on election day next November.

GAYNOR AND GREENE GUILTY.

More than four years ago Benjamin D. Greene and John F. Gaynor were indicted on the charge of having robbed the government of vast sums of money in connection with harbor improvements at Savannah. Their case has been in the courts of this and other countries ever since, and it was only yesterday they were at last found guilty in the federal court at Savannah on an indictment charging them with embezzlement and conspiracy to defraud the government.

The names of few men are more familiar to newspaper readers than those of Captain Oberlin Carter, Gaynor and Greene. Captain Carter had charge of the harbor improvement and Gaynor and Greene were the contractors. Carter was involved in the conspiracy to defraud, was court-martialed, dishonorably discharged from the army and sentenced to five years imprisonment. Captain Carter vigorously protested his innocence and the testimony of Gaynor and Greene exonerated him completely. What effect this evidence will have remains to be seen.

The Gaynor and Greene case aroused unusual interest by reason of the determined fight made in behalf of the men in the courts. It was in 1902 they were indicted. They fought extradition in New York and then escaped to Canada. To get them back from English soil tested the extradition treaty with Great Britain as great questions of law were involved, and one sensation quickly followed another. The presiding judge at Savannah declared the case had the greatest record of any submitted to a United States court in the whole history of the government. The indicted men were able to command unlimited means and had the counsel of clever lawyers.

But money and shrewd attorneys failed in the end and although justice has been cheated for a long time the day of retribution is near at hand. The case may go to the supreme court, but Gaynor and Greene must realize that prison doors are opening for them and that at last they must pay the penalty for their crime.

INDIANA REPUBLICANS.

The present state administration from its inception has stood for the wise enactment of laws and the fearless and honest enforcement of laws enacted. It has been and is characterized by jealous regard for the tax-paying public, and for the promotion of high standards in the administration of public affairs. The administration will long be remembered by reason of the fidelity and sturdy integrity of Governor J. Frank Hanly, whose administration we must heartily and unreservedly commend and endorse.

The above is the plank in the platform adopted by the Republicans of Indiana, and refers to Governor Hanly. There is no fulsome flattery in its wording, but is an endorsement of which any executive might well feel proud.

The only interest in the Indiana convention, outside of that state, was in what the platform would say of Governor Hanly's administration. Only a few days ago the governor turned down a petition signed by 20,000 citizens of the state asking him to pardon Sherrick, the ex-state auditor sent to prison for embezzling the state's money. Sherrick was unusually popular, and his friends made threats to even up with the governor. Many of them were in yesterday's convention, but they could not stem the tide of Hanly's popularity.

When Governor Hanley assumed the duties of his office he began a crusade for law enforcement which astonished and confounded the liberal element and surprised and alarmed his friends. The latter urged him to desist, declaring he was digging his own political grave and ruining his party. The governor contended that while he was not responsible for the enactment of laws, he was responsible for their enforcement, that he considered his oath of office something more than a mere form and that he was old-fashioned enough to believe that laws were made to be enforced. He furthermore said that so far as the effect of his acts on himself were concerned, it did not matter, but that by the end of his term the people of Indiana would like the plan he had inaugurated and that it would strengthen rather than weaken the Republican party.

Making this a direct issue, Governor Hanly has pursued his policy of law enforcement in all parts of the state. Officials who would not co-operate with him in the execution of the law, were removed. At first the politicians and officeholders were dazed, but the people applauded the courageous governor, and have supported him faithfully and earnestly.

Then came the Sherrick incident. Governor Hanly never swerved from his determination to punish the auditor of state regardless of the fact that Sherrick was the idol of thousands who clung to him even though they knew him to be guilty. The auditor was convicted, and is now in the penitentiary.

Had the Republicans of Indiana failed to endorse Governor Hanly, the party would have met merited defeat at the polls. However, the delegates had the good sense as well as the political wisdom to unreservedly commend his administration. The governor has captured the politicians as well as the people, and his victory is complete.

No executive loses anything worth the having by standing firmly for the right and enforcing the laws to the letter.

THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

Ohio is becoming well acquainted with Lieutenant Governor Andrew L. Harris, and the more they know him the better they like him. He is a quiet, unassuming man, but he is as determined as he is capable. His knowledge of parliamentary law was gained in the six years he spent as a member of the Ohio house and senate and in the four years he presided over the senate during the time McKinley was governor. His courage and backbone were strengthened by his service in the war of the rebellion, when he enlisted as a volunteer and was promoted through all the grades until he became brigadier general by brevet.

Although General Harris served his country and state many years, Ohio has had a better understanding of the man within the past few weeks. The admiration for him was greatly increased when, with an iron hand, but in all fairness, he held the turbulent senators in check and, acting clearly within the right, saved the Aikin liquor tax bill from defeat.

In the closing days of the session the members of the senate voted themselves the desks and chairs in the chamber at two dollars a set. No appropriation had been made for refurnishing the chamber, and again the nervy lieutenant governor came to the front with an order to the sergeant-at-arms not to pull a screw. When the senators meet again in two years they will occupy the same old chairs and use the same old desks, thanks to the lieutenant governor.

Is it any wonder General Harris is popular with the people of Ohio?

VESUVIUS, THE WONDERFUL.

Of the actual damage which has been wrought by the present eruption of Mt. Vesuvius there can at this time be only conjecture. The press dispatches give but meagre stories of what is actually occurring near the bay of Naples. Even the level-headed inhabitants of the district are terrorized, for they know not what may happen the next day, not even the next hour. The news sent out under such conditions is apt to be colored, and yet it is known that great damage has been done and many lives have been lost.

Vesuvius is an enigma. The mountain is situated in a beautiful and fertile country. Men have dared to live within its shadow because of this beauty and fertility. And yet the history of the mountain has been one of horror and death. For hundreds of years prior to A. D. 79 the volcano was supposed to be extinct. Vineyards and homes covered its sides. There was no longer thought of danger. Then came the remarkable eruption which took away the top of the mountain and buried Pompeii and Herculaneum in ashes and mud.

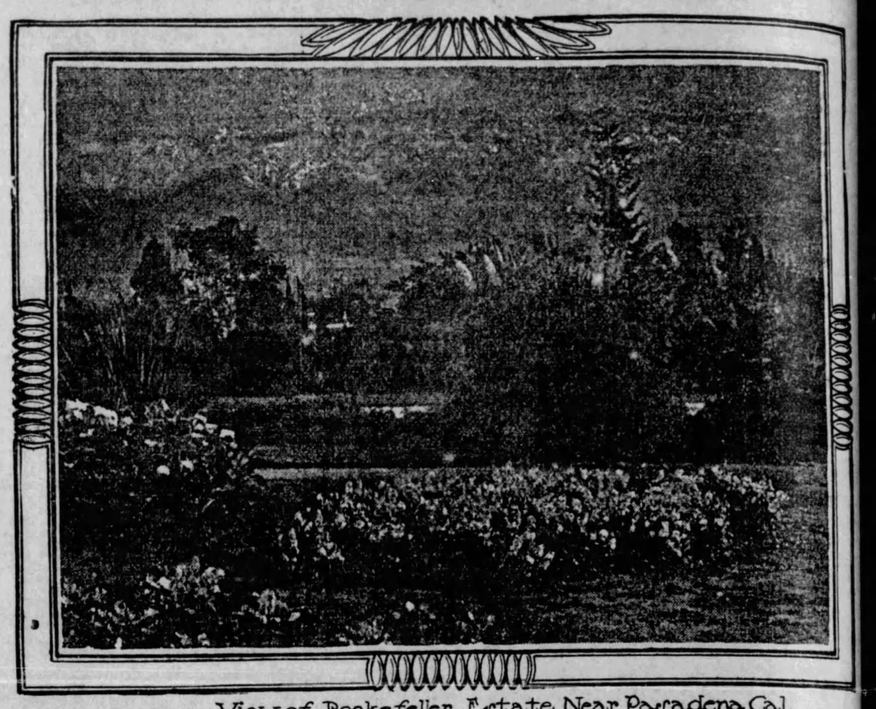
During the past hundred years Vesuvius has been more than ordinarily active. The present eruption is probably the greatest since 1822, dispatches explaining that the mountain has lost more than seven hundred feet of its altitude. It may soon subside, and again it may continue in action until it has completely destroyed the surrounding country. At all events it proves the powerful force of natured as compared with the insignificance of man.

DOWIE IS CLEVER.

It will not be surprising if John Alexander Dowie outwits the powers now in control of Zion and in the end wins what a few days ago seemed like a losing fight. Dowie is a fraud but he evidently knows his business. Dowieism from the Dowie standpoint is not so much fanaticism as it is love of money and of power.

Dowie is now willing to relinquish his apostolic office if he is once more clothed with full power. This done he will abdicate on the payment of a million dollars. Dowie is out after money and he will get it. The new leader of Zion will probably be willing to meet Dowie's demands and the zealots who furnished the money over which the quarrel is taking place will acquiesce in the plan. Dowie is clever. He will retire with a million which he has not earned, but which was poured into Zion's coffers by his deluded followers.

ROCKEFELLER'S NEW CALIFORNIA ESTATE



View of Rockefeller Estate Near Pasadena Cal.

John D. Rockefeller has purchased the Reed estate in Pasadena, Cal., considered one of the finest residences in the state, and it is said he will spend at least two months each year in California.

It was in the Reed house that Helen Hunt Jackson wrote "Ramona."

No photograph of the Reed mansion has ever been taken, but the accompanying view is from the east front of the house, showing the coast range in the distance. The present manor house is to be torn down and a more pretentious structure erected.

Current Events.

James A. Bailey, the showman, died after remarkable career.

Nathan Isaacs, of New York, jumps 135 feet into a river and may live.

Clubwomen of the country begin campaign in congress for child labor laws.

Germany denies anti-American attitude in calling Hague peace conference.

Anarchists recently landed in America from Italy are being hunted down by the police.

King Peter of Servia will not abdicate as demanded and effort will be made to dethrone him April 26.

Federal judge holds that Chinese are entitled to a court trial before being deported from the country.

Senator Beveridge, at Indiana Republican convention, lauds President Roosevelt as divinely chosen to lead the nation.

The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance company inquiry at Milwaukee shows that policyholders paid high rate of interest for loans.

Mrs. Julian P. Thomas, of New York, the first woman aeronaut of the country, with her husband makes a successful trip in a large balloon.

Colossal bank with $50,000,000 capital, planned at New York, to regulate money rates and foreign exchange and prevent periods of stringency.

Requests by heads of New York city departments for automobiles, if granted, will make the city owner of forty machines, representing $125,000.

Connecticut man, after suffering for years and trying different treatments without relief, has half his stomach cut away and is rapidly recovering.

Aged mother of Walter Wellman says a sad farewell at the home of another son in Madison, Wis., to the explorer, who will seek the north pole.

Legislative investigators at Milwaukee learn that the wife of the president of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance company loans money on the company's policies.

Governor Folk declares the reign of special privilege and graft will be ended in a few years as the result of the unprecedented political revival through which the country is passing.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones says many movements, generally regarded as beneficial to progress, are really harmful, including women's clubs and the indifference of suburbanites.

Miss Mary E. McDowell and Miss Amelia Hofer, of Chicago, arouse the interest of President Roosevelt in the movement to provide national playgrounds for children and he promises his support.

American consuls send statistics on Germany's consumption of liquor, the figures showing that each inhabitant consumes yearly six and a half quarts of wine, 129½ quarts of beer and nine quarts of brandy.

Corporations are believed to be ready to contribute freely to the campaign funds this fall, and the fears of the party leaders that this would prove a lean year on account of the insurance revelations are disappearing.

Judge Speer, in sentencing Greene and Gaynor to four years in prison and a fine of $575,749 each, scores plunder of the public through graft and points the need of remedying defects in the laws by which rich criminals obstruct justice.

GEOGRAPHIC NAMES.

The following principles have been adopted by the United States board on geographic names for guidance in the selection of place names:

Ephonious and suitable names of Indian, Spanish or French origin should be retained.

Names suggested by peculiarities of the topographic features designated—such as their form, vegetation or animal life—are generally acceptable, but duplication of names, especially within one state, should be avoided. The names "Elk," "Beaver," "Cottonwood," and "Bald" are altogether too numerous.

Names of living persons should be applied very rarely, and only those of great eminence should be thus honored. No personal names should be attached because of relationship, friendship or personal interest, nor should names of obscure persons be given. Names of eminent men now dead may be thus perpetuated, particularly those of early explorers, naturalists, geologists, topographers, etc.

Long and clumsily-constructed names and names composed of two or more words should be avoided. It is a foregone conclusion that such names will not be adopted by the public. If the name selected consists of more than one word the words should be combined if practicable.

The possessive form of names should be avoided unless the object is owned by the person whose name it bears.

The multiplication of names for different parts of the same feature, such as a river or mountain range, should be avoided. Only one name should be applied to a stream or mountain range throughout its entire length; in the case of a river the name should follow up its longest branch.

The naming of forks, prongs, branches, etc., as "East Fork," or "North Prong," of a river, should be avoided unless there is special reason for it. In most cases, independent names should be given to a river's branches.

The use of hyphens and diacritic characters should be avoided as far as possible.—U. S. Geological Survey Bulletin.

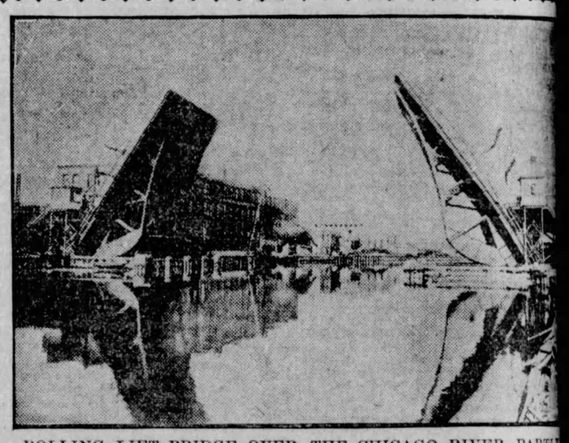
SPRING AND THE SUBURBANITE

And now (as per the magazines) the spring is here again;
The buds burst forth on every plant that dots the spreading plain.
The winter's dingy tones give place to soft and tender greens,
And everything is simply fine—inside the magazines.

But as through all the sticky mud at night I homeward jog,
And lose my rubbers now and then in some confounded bog,
I often think I'd like to quit these raw, prosaic scenes,
And merely pass the springtime in the blithesome magazines.

—Pittsburg Post.

Jackknife Drawbridge

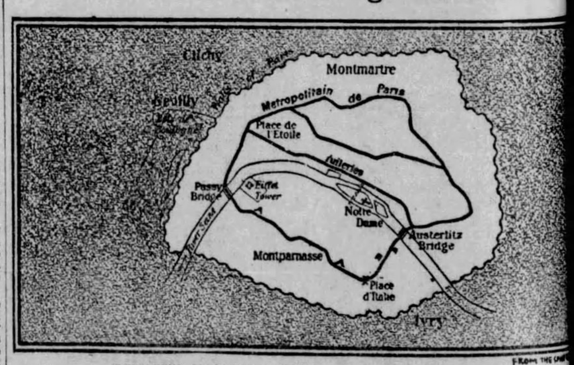


ROLLING LIFT BRIDGE OVER THE CHICAGO RIVER, PARTLY OPEN.

Herewith is presented an illustration of a Scherzer rolling lift bridge. It is such a draw span as is expected to replace the present draw on the Cherry street structure. No center pier is necessary for the rolling life, which is a great factor in its favor. Another strong point is the fact that when the bridge is open there is no space into which cars or vehicles may plunge. The place where the unprotected opening ought to be well blocked by the big floors, standing upright.

The resolution approved by the council for the Cherry street bridge provides for a rolling lift, and at least as much of the method of construction definitely decided.

New Fast Railway Line Being Built in Paris



THE NEW SECTIONS OF THE METROPOLITAIN OF PARIS

Paris is now engaged in linking its northern and southern half with street railways. In this case the railway is only partly under ground, parts of the railway being carried on viaducts above ground. At two points the line crosses the Seine on ordinary overhead bridges.

At a third position a steel tunnel is being constructed beneath the bed of the Seine at the island on which Notre Dame stands.

Two new bridges join the north and south lines of the Metropolitan. In these cases the cars are carried over the Seine instead of under it.

The Pont de Passy will be opened at the same time as the section of the railway marked A on the map. Both railway and bridge will be opened about April 1 next. The section marked B with the Pont d'Austerlitz, be opened few months later. Statuary is being effectively blended with the ironwork of the Passy bridge.

Besides the lines indicated on the there are several offshoots at various points from the main circular system lines.

"HOW TO BE AN AUTHOR."

Mr. Punch, having read the latest book on the way to write for the press, feels that there is at least one important subject not properly explained therein—to wit, the Covering Letter. He therefore proceeds to supplement this and similar books.

It is, however, when your story is written that the difficulties begin. Having selected a suitable editor, you send him your contribution accompanied by a covering letter. The writing of this letter is the most important part of the whole business. One story, after all, is very much like another (in your case, probably, exactly like another), but you can at least in your covering letter show that you are a person of originality.

Your letter must be one of three kinds: Pleading, Peremptory of Corruptive. I proceed to give examples of each:

I.—The Pleading Letter:

199 Berkeley Square, W.

Dear Mr. Editor:—I have a wife and seven starving children; can you possibly help us by accepting this little story of only 18,000 (eighteen thousand)) words? Not only would you be doing a work of charity to one who has suffered much, but you would also, I venture to say, be conferring a real benefit upon English literature—as I have already received the thanks of no fewer than thirty-three editors for having allowed them to peruse this manuscript. Yours humbly. The McHardy.

P. S.—My youngest boy, aged 3, pointed to his sister's Gazeka toy last night and cried "De editor!" These are literally the first words that have passed his lips for three days. Can you stand by and see the children starve?

II.—The Peremptory Letter.

Sir:—Kindly publish at once and oblige. Yours faithfully. Eugene Hackenrick.

P. S.—I shall be round at your office tomorrow about an advertisement for some 600-pound barbells and will look you up.

III.—The Corruptive Letter.

Middlesex House. Park Lane, W.

Dear Mr. Smith:—Can you come in and dine with us quite in a friendly way on Thursday at 8? I want to introduce you to the Princess of Holwig-Schlosstein. Mr. Alfred Austin, who are so eager to meet you. Do you know, I am really a little frightened at the thought of meeting such a famous editor. Isn't it silly of me? Yours very sincerely, Emily Middlesex.

P. S.—I wonder if you could find room in your splendid little paper for a little story I am sending you? It would be such a surprise for the duke's birthday (on Monday).

Before concluding the question of the covering letter, I must mention the curious case of my friend Hallbut. Hallbut sent a series of lithographed letters of various kinds, one of which he would end with every story he sent out. On a certain occasion he wrote a problem story of the most advanced kind; what, in fact, the reviewers call a "strong" story, and sending this to the editor of a family magazine his secretary carelessly signed in the wrong letter:

"Dear Mr. Editor," it ran, "I am trying to rite you a littel story. I do hope you will like my little storey. I want to tell you about my kanary and my pussy cat. It's name is Peggy and it has seven kittens, have you any kittens? I will give one if you will print my story. Your loving little friend, "Flossie."—London Punch.

Good-Natured Wit of a Big Man.

Secretary Taft attended a reception at the home of Speaker Cannon the other evening and, while passing from one group to another, accidentally trod on the foot of a young senator who has not yet won any especial distinction in the national capitol. Mr. Taft made suitable and instant apology, but the senator blurted out: "Oh, of course, I don't mind it. I like it. I like it. I have two tons of human flesh come down on me and crush my sore foot." Taft is nothing if not good natured, but, quick as a flash, he said: "Oh, of course, senator, you don't mind it," and then, referring to some recent unpublished but well known incident, he added: "A man who is so accustomed to having the whole United States senate sit down on him frequently does not mind a little thing like that."

Gold Medal Awarded

To The Blade's New Ball Bearing Rotary Washing Machine at Louisiana Purchase Exposition by the Superior Jury of Awards.

This certainly is sufficient guarantee of its superior merits to induce the most skeptical to take advantage of our liberal offer to ship the machine to our subscribers for about half price, together with the Weekly Blade for one year..... **$5.50**

With this machine your week's washing can be done in an hour and your much dreaded washday will soon be a thing of the past.

This washing machine will wash anything from a lace handkerchief to a bed quilt without injury as the counter currents of the water in the tub are what do the washing.

The machine is arranged with tight fitting cover, thus preventing escaping steam and eliminating the contamination of the house.

The machine works so easy with ball bearing journals that the work can be done by very little effort and no hard work.

Throw away the washboard for you wear the clothes more and cut the fibre of the cloth by rubbing the clothes on the hard ridges of the washboard than by ten times the actual wear of the clothes.

A Word To the Housewife

Will you stand over the open washtub and inhale the volatile matter and steam that arise from undergarments, etc., injure your health, contaminate your household and make it unfit to live in when you can get a Blade Washing Machine that is perfection in every particular at such a low price?

The mechanical movements consist of our patent oscillating malleable sprocket gear operated in ball bearings with steel ball retainers, most reliable and durable device that has yet been offered to the public.

The tub is made from (as the American Encyclopedia terms it) the Everlasting Red Cypress; it will outlast any two cedar tubs and is the most durable article of the kind ever offered our patrons. The body of the machine measures 25 inches in diameter, 14 inches deep, weight 72 pounds.

Remit by P. O. or express money order or registered letter. We will not be responsible for remittances made in any other way. Address all orders to

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

What Our Subscribers Say About The Blade Washing Machine

Dear Sirs: My Blade Washing Machine is more than satisfactory. I am very much pleased with it. It is so much better than I expected that I can honestly recommend it to my friends. I have entirely done away with the washboard.

Yours truly,
MRS. PHILO BURCH,
Route 19, Lyndonville, N. Y.

Pikeville, Tenn., Oct. 2, 1905.

Toledo Blade Co.:

Gentlemen—Your washer came just as I started to my summer resort. We would begin washing after breakfast wash for ten in family and get through by 9 o'clock. I consider it first class and exactly as represented.

Yours for clean clothes,
C. B. HART.

Huntertown, Allen Co., Ind., Oct. 3, 1905.

Toledo Blade Co., Toledo, O.:

Gentlemen—I can speak in the highest terms of the Blade Washing Machine. It does the work well. I can cheerfully recommend it to every family that wants to buy a washing machine. Respectfully yours.

DR. L. HOUGHTON.

Danbury, Conn., Sept. 25, 1905.

Gentlemen—I will say that the Blade washer is just grand. It washes splendid I would not think of getting along without it. My neighbors have many kinds of washers, but none that can compare with mine.

Yours truly,
ROBERT D. KNAPP,
Danbury, Conn.

WATCHES
WATCHES WATCHES

No gift is so much appreciated by boys and young men as a handsome and reliable watch. We have just purchased a limited number of very fine, 12-size Watches. The 12-size is the smallest men's watch made, and is the favorite size for boys and young men. In fact, it is the popular size for every one who wants a small, thin watch. We are going to offer these watches to our readers at a very low price.

DESCRIPTION.

CASE—Twenty-year, gold-filled, open face, screw back and bevel plain; engine turned and engraved.

MOVEMENT—Seven-jeweled Elgin or Waltham.

PRICE—Our price to Blade readers is only..... **$8.50**

This watch cannot be purchased at any retail store for less than $12 to $15. Get your orders in early.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE ILLINOIS

CASE, Fahy's 20-year, Hunting, 18 size; movement Illinois Watch Co.; 18 size, 17 jeweled..... $14

OPEN FACE.....$12.00

This is a Watch Bargain.

The Illinois Watch Co.'s movements are standard, and this statement is verified by the fact that the Railroads are adopting their movements for the use of their employes.

If you remit $1.00 to guarantee express charges, we will send this Watch C. O. D. for balance, with privilege of examining and holding same five days.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

SPECIAL A

17 Jewels. 20-Year Case.

We offer our readers for the holiday season the best watch offer ever made. The case is a 20-year, 18 size, gold-filled, hunting, plain engine turned or engraved, fitted with a 17-jeweled Elgin or Waltham movement—

Our price is, Hunting case.....**$13.00**

Our price is, Open Face.....**$11.00**

Get your orders in early, as we can only get a limited number of these watches.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

SPECIAL B

This is a 16 size 20-year, plain, engine turned or engraved hunting case, fitted with a 15-jeweled Walton or Elgin movement. Our price.....**$13.75**

Or the same movement in a 16 size open-face, nickel silver case.....**$9.50**

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

FOR THE LADIES AND GIRLS

The O size is now the popular watch for ladies and girls. It is small enough to be worn as a Chatelaine, and is generally worn that way.

The case is 20-year, gold filled, Hunting, plain, engine turned, or engraved, and is fitted with a 7-jeweled Elgin or Waltham movement—

Our price is only.....**$11.75**

If you wish to give your wife, daughter or sister a handsome Xmas present, give her one of these watches.

Get your order in early.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Elegant Gold Filled Chains

We are prepared to furnish our readers any kind of a watch chain either for ladies or gentlemen. Send for our illustrated price list.

Address all orders—

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Cut Paper Patterns

These patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. In ordering, address your letter, "Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose a silver dime wrapped in tissue paper. Once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dispose of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust measure also.

Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in an illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin, or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

LACES — Fine imported German, French and English Laces. Send for circular showing design and giving

6462-6463—The Newest Mode for the Shirt Waist Suit.

Mistress Fashion did not realize the becomingness of the peplum when she cast it aside for the more severe belt, but that which is good in dress design is sure to return at some time and the elongation of the waist below the belt is a pleasing feature of the latest shirt waist models. A charming design is sketched here which shows the pleated blouse finished with a pleated peplum in true Norfolk style. The shaped yoke relieves any tendency to commonplaceness and makes it possible to wear any becoming color next the face. The waist is not difficult to make and because of its long lines will prove becoming to any wearer. The blouse opens at one side of the front. The skirt is a new circular model having double box pleats in front and back to prevent sagging.

Among the materials, broadcloth, novelty serge, taffetas or Rajah would be stunning developed after this model. For the medium size 10½ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

Two patterns—6462, sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure. 6463, sizes, 20 to 30 inches, waist.

The price of these patterns is 20c, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10c.

4787—A Gown for Miss Baby.

What lovable little creatures babies are in their first dresses. While they do not give much thought to clothes, mother does, and she delights as much in these small dresses as in the latest creations of Paquin. Here is shown a little dress with deep round yoke as a pleasant change from the usual square effect. Fine tucking and insertion form the yoke with a ruffle of embroidery to correspond. The dress may be made elaborate or simple, according to its use, and lawn, Swiss or nainsook may serve as material. As pictured, the bottom is finished with several narrow tucks, a row of beading and an embroidered ruffle. A tiny frill finishes the neck. The pattern comes in one size and demands 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material.

4028—A Frock in Which Simplicity Is Grace.

There is no time during the whole year when young people's frocks are so dainty and attractive as during the summer. Thin stuffs have that quality of coolness and beauty that makes them most charming even though they are little adorned and in children's frocks this is most suitable. Here is drawn a little dress which is well adapted to home development, and is possessed of no frills or furbelows which would render it difficult to launder. The blouse and skirt are joined by a narrow waistband which may be of the trimming material of the dress. The neck and short sleeves are not desired. The model is one appropriate to any seasonable ma-

terial, being especially well suited to warm days in summer. Linen, chambray, pongee or silk as well as a light woolen material might be pretty. In the medium size 3¾ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

4028—Sizes, 6 to 12 years.

4029—A Small Gown Creation.

There are hosts of attractive frocks fashioned for the little maid of the house, but only a certain few are distinct because of their real charm. Such is the small gown sketched. The broad double box pleat, which forms a front panel is just a phase of the princess mode, which tends to make the wearer look tall and

straight. The round, full skirt joins the front panel beneath the last box pleat and has its meeting with the waist concealed by the belt. The graceful rever collars and cuffs provide opportunity for the introduction of a contrasting material and may be trimmed with a narrow soutache braid. A lining which extends to the belt provides a foundation for the yoke. The dress is suitable to any seasonable fabric. For pongee, a soft silk, madras, batiste or linen it is excellent. In the medium size 4 yards of 36-inch material are needed.

4029—Sizes, 4 to 10 years.

6474—A Corselet Skirt.

Everyone who touches so much as the hem of social life knows that the princess skirt is the model par excellence for the coming months. It is a style most flattering to the woman who is inclined to be stout and most gracefully becoming to one who is slender. It gives a neat trig appearance about the waist, doing away with that ruiner of many costumes—the girdle. The model portrayed is a circular skirt having a straight front panel, which

ends at the top of the girdle. This panel is of becoming shape and may be made attractive with the buttons as trimming. The girdle portion is cut separately and fitted to the figure with the skirt. This does away with that tendency to wrinkle about the waist, which is the bane of even the best dressmakers, where the girdle is in one with the skirt. This arrangement also pleases the woman who wishes to make hers a simple circular skirt, after wearing it for a while, as a high ceinture skirt. The high girdle may easily be omitted altogether. Little work is necessary to the making of this skirt. In the medium size 4⅝ yards of 44-inch material is needed.

6474—sizes, 20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

6478—A Pretty Embroidered Blouse.

A pleasing effect in an embroidered blouse is seen here. The yoke is novel in its tucks and centre forming a square, and is sure to be different from any other waist seen. It would be stunning made of an embroidered material, a tucked material and lace being used for the yoke. The waist is without fulness across the chest, a few gathers being allowed at the waist line in front and back. The deep cuff of

the sleeve might be made of lace with the sleeve of the material. A variety of trimmings might be used in such a waist and the woman who is clever may find field for ingenuity here. Any seasonable fabric would develop pleasingly after this pattern. In the medium size 2½ yards of 36-inch goods is needed.

6478—sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

MORMON INSTEAD OF VET

Distribution of Federal Patronage in Idaho Aired.

Washington, April 17.—The distribution of federal patronage in Idaho between Gentiles and Mormons was aired in an executive session of the senate in an effort by Senator Heyburn to have confirmed the nomination of Bishop F. M. Winters as postmaster at Montpelier.

Objection was made by Senator Dubois on the ground that Winters, a Mormon, is displacing J. L. Underwood, an ex-Union soldier and the only Gentile office-holder in a Gentile town. Senator Dubois protested against what he claimed to be a disposition of the administration to "saddle" Mormon officials on Gentile communities. The nomination went over under the objection after it had been discussed for ten minutes by the two Idaho senators.

11,000 OUT ON STRIKE

Operators Refuse Demands at Wheeling, W. Va.

Wheeling, W. Va., April 14.—The United Mine Workers' convention of subdistrict No. 5, met at 10 o'clock this morning to receive the answer of the operators to the demand for the 1903 scale made upon them yesterday.

The answer was a flat refusal to grant the demands, and instead an offer to arbitrate on the lines proposed by John H. Winder, was presented. This the miners would not accede to.

The operators then withdrew and a strike was declared. Eleven thousand

Patrick Dolan

miners are affected in the sub-district, which includes Belmont, Harrison and Jefferson counties in Ohio, and Brook, Ohio and Marshall in West Virginia. Strike headquraters will be opened in Wheeling.

Pittsburg, April 14.—The 1,200 miners of the Great Lakes Coal Co., at Naylor, Pa., who were called out on a strike yesterday because the company refused to sign the wage scale, returned to work today, the scale having been signed.

Frank Feehan, who claims to be the legal president of the district miners, has arranged for a conference with the Pittsburg operators to sign the dead work scale. The conference will be held Monday morning. It is reported, apparently on good authority, that Patrick Dolan and Uriah Bellingham, will retire on Monday, in favor of the Feehan faction, and that the old district officials will not make any move to prevent the Feehan faction from signing the 1903 wage scale with the operators.

Greenville, Pa., April 14.—The miners and operators of the Mercer and Butler county field of the Pittsburg district reached an agreement on the wage scale last night, which will be effective for two years dating April 1, 1906. The miners were granted an advance, but it is a compromise on the 1903 scale demanded. About 1,500 miners who have been on strike will return to work immediately.

Columbus, O., April 14.—Notwithstanding the action of the Hocking Valley Miners' convention in calling the pumpers out of the mines owned by companies which refuse to sign the 1903 scale, the pumpers will continue at work. State President Green has ordered the men to remain at their posts in order that the mines may be protected, regardless of the differences with the operators.

CITY TO FOOT THE BILL

Pastor Agrees to Close New York Pool Rooms in Six Months.

New York, April 17. — The city of New York is going to give Rev. Dr. Cortland Myers, pastor of the First Baptist church, of Brooklyn, an opportunity to make good his statement that if he had money he could close every poolroom in the city within six months. The money for expenses will be furnished by the city and Dr. Myers will be given free rein to proceed with his fight.

"Poolrooms are being operated in the city in violation of the law," said Dr. Myers to Third Deputy Police Commissioner Mathot, in the Jefferson Market police court. "It is foolish to say they can't be suppressed. Why, I could do it myself, closing up every one of them in six months, if I had the money."

"I am authorized to grant you the necessary money," said Mr. Mathot.

"I agree, then, to close the poolrooms in six months," replied Dr. Myers.

The clergyman had been summoned to appear in the police court as the result of a letter he wrote to Police Commissioner Bingham, enclosing a list of fifty alleged poolrooms in the city. Dr. Myers is president of the New York Society for the Enforcement of Criminal Law, which he will use in his campaign.

WOMAN "HOBO" IS DEAD

Traveled All Over Country for Last Twenty Years.

Franklin, Pa., April 17.—Mrs. Mary Scanlon, a professional tramp, who rode freight trains and traveled all over this country for the last twenty years, died at the county home of tuberculosis. She was forty-two years old.

She was well known all over western Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio and southern New York state, and had been arrested for riding railroad freight trains and as a professional tramp a score or more of times.

On her tours Mrs. Scanlon sometimes traveled alone and sometimes in the company of other tramps. It is twenty years since she first made the acquaintance of the police in this section. Then she was arrested with a gang of traps for whom she was acting as cook at the camp. Since that time, every few years, she visited Franklin and vicinity.

Several weeks ago she came to Franklin sick, and asked aid of the poor authorities. It was discovered she had consumption and could live but a few weeks. She was sent to the county home, and although she realized that she was about to die she refused to tell anything of her early life or her family.

IS NOT AN EXAGGERATION

U. S. Consul Tells of Famine Conditions in Northern Japan.

Washington, April 17.—Charles B. Harris, United States consul at Nagasaki, Japan, told the President today that there had been no exaggeration of the famine conditions in northern Japan.

Mr. Harris is in America on leave, and is about to start for his post. He said the famine was due to a failure of the rice crop. He added that the distress caused by the shortage of the crop was very great, but that everything possible was being done both by Japan and by foreign countries, including America, to alleviate the suffering. Both the Japanese government and the people of the country, he said, greatly appreciated the assistance rendered by foreigners.

TO HONOR KING EDWARD

Will Receive Degree of Doctor of Laws From University of Penn.

Philadelphia, April 17.—King Edward VII., of England, through Sir Mortimer Durand, his ambassador, will receive the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Pennsylvania on Thursday at the university's observance of the bi-centenary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin, the celebration of which will begin here today and continue until Friday.

MANY BODIES REMOVED

Home Crushed by Stones and Ashes From Mt. Vesuvius.

Naples, April 16. — The condition of Mt. Vesuvius is unchanged today. The volcano is still surrounded by a thick cloud of smoke, but ashes have almost ceased to fall.

Many Americans, including passengers of the White Star line steamer Cretic and the North German Lloyd steamer Barbarossa, visited the Vesuvius region during the day. The police and carbiniers tried hard to prevent some of them from going further up than the observatory, saying that it was not safe.

Prof. Matteucci today said that while all danger appeared to be over, the normal condition of the volcano would not be re-established for several weeks. Bodies are still being exhumed from the hills at Ottajano and San Guiseppe.

Pinned beneath the ruins of their home, in the midst of the desolated city of Ottajano, there were found Sunday two aged women still alive six days after the house was wrecked by the eruptions from Mt. Vesuvius. The women were speechless and had had nothing to eat during that period of entombment except a few morsels of food which they chanced to have in their pockets. They were among the hundreds who were crushed beneath falling walls during the rain of stones and ashes last Sunday and Monday. Hope had been abandoned of finding any of these persons alive. The women were protected by the rafters of their house, which fell in such a manner as to shield them.

The scenes attending the fall of Pompeii were enacted again, centuries later, on a smaller scale. People fleeing in terror, with their jewels and money in their hands, met death. This is shown as the way salvage goes on in Ottajano and San Guiseppe, to which the gravity of the situation has shifted, as Naples apparently is out of danger. Here the recovery of the dead goes on amid the misery of thousands of homeless refugees.

Nine bodies were taken out at Ottajano, and it is estimated that a hundred more remain under the ruins. The work of salvage is carried on amid the twisted masses of fallen houses, churches and stables and in deep drifts of cinder and ashes. At some points the ashes is ten feet deep, reaching to the windows of the second stories of the few hovels still standing.

The work of salvage at San Giuseppe has brought to light a remarkable condition. Bodies have been found of women in whose hands were coins and jewels, and one woman held a rosary, indicating the instinct to preserve earthly belongings in the moment of fleeing from death.

The excavations at Herculaneum, over which the town of Resina stands, have recorded similar instances of death overtaking its victims carrying their jewels while fleeing from the invading lava.

IS THE FIRST SEA NURSE

New York Girl Who Attends Passengers on Atlantic Liner.

New York, April 11.—On the big Hamburg-American line steamship Amerika, which sailed for Europe last week, is a young New York girl who holds the distinction of being the first American graduate nurse to take up a "sea career." Her name is Miss Selma Henkensiefken, but on the Amerika she is known as "Sister Selma."

Sister Selma is very well known to all the cabin passengers who have so

Sister Selma of the Amerika

far traveled on the big liner, and is very popular. When the Amerika was docking a fortnight ago she was fairly surrounded by women who, saying good-by, invariably closed with, "Well, my dear, you must be sure to come up to see me," or a similar invitation, and everybody seemed to have a good word for her.

"How do I like being a 'marine nurse?'" said Sister Selma. "Well, it is fine. I was never seasick, my duties are not disagreeable, and I meet so many delightful people. Then, on the other side I have so much opportunity to travel about, and when I am here I can pass the time with my family, so that I am pretty well satisfied.

"How did I get the position? Well, one of the officials of the line applied to the German hospital for a nurse would could speak German, and they recommended me. It was very simple.

"My work keeps me on duty from nine o'clock in the morning until nine at night. First I have two hours in the gymnasium, where I advise women passengers what form of exercise to take. Then I have to assist with the electric light baths. I have to visit the three female hospitals in the first and second cabins, which have, of course, special attendants, and to go where the doctor requires. In short, I am a sort of 'Handy Andy.' I get to know everybody on board during a voyage—that is to say, in the first and second cabins. Passengers treat me very considerately, and altogether it is a very pleasant sort of life.

"Sometimes I have had charge of patients all the way across and occasionally I have to accompany one to the hospital on arriving. During my first voyage to Europe I had a very serious case to cope with. A young woman in the second cabin fell in love with a young man on board and within three days the romance developed into a serious stage on the young woman's part. The young man, on the contrary, decided he did not wish to marry.

"At eleven o'clock on the evening of the third day I was summoned to the young woman's cabin. She was thought to have pneumonia, but she looked to me as if she had taken poison. The next day, when the doctor called to see her, she was in the act of taking a spoonful of powder which she held in her hand. I was summoned, and, testing the powder, found it was morphine.

"Then she became unconscious, and I worked over her with the usual heroic treatment for three hours before I brought her back to life. You can imagine that this event provided enough excitement for me for the remainder of the voyage."

Sister Selma's "chum," Miss Augusta Halberstadt, also a graduate of the German hospital, will take a similar position to her own on the new Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, of the Hamburg-American line, which goes into commission next month.

LEGAL BATTLE TO START

Voliva Peace Program Is Declared Off.

Chicago, April 17. — The Dowie-Zion City peace program is off, and unless one side or the other makes a sudden and unexpected retreat the battle will be fought out in the courts.

The final conference between the attorneys was held yesterday and the ultimatum of Overseer Voliva and the present administration of Zion was delivered. It was submitted to Dowie last night, and he spurned it. Today it will be formally rejected, and both sides will make serious preparations for the apparently inevitable legal battle.

The bill in chancery to set aside the transfer of the Zion City property by Voliva to Alexander Granger under power of attorney from Dowie, and which has been withheld pending the conclusion of the peace negotiations, probably will be filed within forty-eight hours, and promises to open a most remarkable judicial contest.

The ultimatum of Voliva and his followers to Dowie was as follows:

Ultimatum to Dowie.

The appointment of a board of trustees of five or nine members, two or four respectively to be named by each side to the controversy, and the odd member to be named by the present Zion administration.

All Zion property to be transferred absolutely by mutual consent of John Alexander Dowie, claimant, and Alexander Granger, in whom the title at present rests, to this board as trustees.

The board to have full and final power to adjudicate the property rights in Zion, conceding that Dowie is absolute owner of 5 per cent of the entire property.

At a meeting of investors at Zion City last night, all arose when asked by Overseer Voliva whether they were prepared to move at a moment's notice in the fight against Dowie. The intimation is that as soon as the result of the peace negotiations is learned a coup will be sprung.

Overseer Voliva said that something would drop before night, and the investors were told to assemble at the tabernacle tomorrow upon the sounding of a given signal by the powerhouse whistle.

Whether the coup to be sprung is in the form of criminal proceedings or the precipitation of the legal battle by asking a perpetual injunction against Dowie, the leaders declined to say.

BELVA LOCKWOOD PRESENT

Father Moves Admission of Daughter to Practice in U. S. Court.

Washington, April 17.—The unusual spectacle of a father moving the admission of his daughter to practice in the supreme court of the United States was witnessed in that court yesterday afternoon. The motion was made by Attorney William Herring in behalf of his daughter, Sarah Herring Sorin, of Tucson, Ariz.

Mrs. Sorin makes the 25th woman admitted to practice in the court. Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the first ever admitted to practice in the court, was present when the motion was made in Mrs. Sorin's behalf.

THANKSGIVING PSALM

A Rhythmical and Grateful Chant.

A teacher in a Terre Haute public school joins in the chorus:

"Teaching is a business which requires a great deal of brain and nerve force. Unless this force is renewed as fast as expended the teacher is exhausted before the close of the year. Many resort to stimulating tonics for relief.

"For three years I struggled against this almost complete exhaustion, getting what relief I could from doctor's tonics. Then in the spring of 1903, I had an attack of la grippe and malaria which left me too weak to continue my work. Medicine failed to give me any relief, a change of climate failed. I thought I should never be able to go back in school again.

"I ate enough food (the ordinary meals, white bread and vegetables) but was hungry after meals.

"I happened at this time to read an article giving the experience of another teacher who had been helped by Grape-Nuts food. i decided to try Grape-Nuts and cream, as an experiment. It was a delightful experience, and continues so after a year and a half of constant use.

"First, I noticed that I was not hungry after meals.

"In a few days that tired feeling left me, and I felt fresh and bright, instead of dull and sleepy.

"In three months more than my usual strength returned, and I had gained 15 pounds in weight.

"I finished the year's work without any kind of tonics—was not absent from duty even half a day.

"Am still in the best of health, with all who know me wondering at the improvement.

"I tell them all, 'Try Grape-Nuts!'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

SUPPORTS BIG FAMILY

Rival of Helen Keller in Mental Erudition.

Carmi, Ill., April 17.—Almost rivaling Helen Keller in the acquisition of mental erudition, Gilbert McDonald, who has been blind since he was two years old, has, for the last six years, been breadwinner for his widowed mother and younger sisters. He is a telegraph operator—the most remarkable in the world.

McDonald was born in the little village of Maunie twenty-three years ago, and, when but two years old, was stricken blind by fever. His parents were poor and no attempt was made to educate the lad. He early formed the habit of staying around the Louisville & Nashville railroad depot. When fifteen he began learning the dots and dashes, and in less than three months he was able to send.

Uneducated, he at once began to study the messages sent over the wires. He learned typewriting, and would copy all the words that went over the wire that were unfamiliar to him. At night he would have his sisters tell him their meaning and learn to spell them. He continued this practice until he had a vocabulary of over 1,500 words, knowing the spelling and definition of each.

Quickly learning telegraphy, he began sending and receiving messages for the operator. He finally mastered the details of the office so thoroughly that the operator would leave him for hours in charge of the office.

One day a few years ago J. W. Logsdon, division superintendent of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, got off the passenger train unexpectedly. He rushed over to the station, where McDonald was selling tickets, making change and attending to the details of the office. Logsdon was very angry to think the work should be intrusted to a blind boy, and was preparing to administer a stinging rebuke to the operator when he was attracted by the blind boy, who was sending a message. Faster and faster clicked the key, until it sounded like an old press man handling "pink" stuff. When the blind operator got his "O. K." a kind hand was laid on his shoulder and the gruff officer was his friend.

Arrangements were made by the Louisville & Nashville to send him to the state blind school at Jacksonville, Ill., where he stayed but a short time. Preferring work as an operator, he returned to Maunie, where he was made assistant operator. Last year the Western Union placed an instrument in the office. He easily can send fifty words per minute. He can receive as fast as the fastest can send, and never breaks when a good man has the key at the other end.

He saved a passenger train last spring from running into a wreck by quick work at the key.

STRIKERS STORM JAIL

Miners Start Big Riot in Windber, Penn.

Johnstown, Pa., April 17. — After weeks of anxiety, the situation brought about by the controversy of the coal miners with the operators culminated last night in a riot at Windber, near this city, which finally ended in bloodshed. Three are dead and a number are injured and throughout the night the town was patrolled by armed guards.

The shooting was brought on by an assault upon the jail made by striking miners, who attempted to rescue comrades who had been placed under arrest. The riot occurred in the early hours of the night and continued for several hours, working the residents to such a pitch that the night was one of terror.

Dead Are Foreigners.

The dead are principally foreigners and were miners who were out on a strike. They are Pietro Martini, Antonio Mazuca and Paul Zills, who was the leader of the mob. Curtis Kester, ten years old, a bystander, during the trouble, was shot through the bowels and was taken to the hospital. He is badly hurt, but may recover. When the deputies fired on the mob they fled, leaving three of their number on the ground dead and the strikers refusing to permit the undertakers to remove the bodies, the latter remained where they fell until an early hour this morning.

The situation was so serious that Sheriff Begley was summoned from Somerset to take charge of affairs and an appeal was made to Governor Pennypacker for troops. At 8 o'clock this morning the conditions were more quiet and no further trouble was expected until later in the day.

Were Celebrating Easter Monday.

The rioters were, for the most part, of the foreign element, who had been celebrating Easter Monday, a holiday that has always been greatly observed in this section by them. Yesterday the streets of Windber presented a carnival appearance. There was much liquor consumed and many men were under the influence of liquor. When the trouble broke out, the state constabulary, that was at Greensburg, was immediately order to Windber and a special train was procured and rushed toward the scene of the riot. A few miles west of this city, however, the train was blocked by a freight wreck and the troops did not reach Windber until after four o'clock this morning.

Constabulary on Scene.

At that time the town had quieted and no demonstration was made. The constabulary relieved some of the deputies that were patrolling the town and the beats were placed at 50 yards. Had they arrived while the crowd was still on the street last night there would undoubtedly have been further trouble As it was, however, the streets were almost deserted, and the officers, of whom there were eighteen, in charge of two sergeants, took up their stations and awaited daylight.

Deputy Sheriff Disliked.

There were many altercations and boisterous arguments on the streets through the day, but no serious clash occurred, and even a large mass meeting was held without any disorder until Deputy Sheriff Wm. McMullen appeared. The foreigners are apparently antagonistic to McMullen and have an old standing antipathy to him. He was for five years chief of police of Windbar, and during his administration, it is said, made himself unpopular with the miners. The sight of McMullen infuriated some of them, and he was looked upon as a spy. Many of the men rushed for him, and threats were made against his life, and he fled, taking refuge in the home of Charles Davis. The crowd, however, gave chase, and soon a mob of 2,500 surrounded the Davis home and stoned it until the occupants were obliged to seek refuge with neighbors. During the riot about twenty of the miners were placed under arrest and landed in jail.

Mob Assault Jail.

Under the leadership of Paul Zills, who was shot dead subsequently, the mob assailed the jail, throwing stones and any missile that was at hand. The deputies surrounded the jail, and with the aid of the fire department, tried to restore order. The mob was persistent, and refused to listen to cooler heads who advised them to disperse and go home, and closing in on the jail, began to assail the deputies. The latter tried to stop the onslaught with bayonets, and when it seemed that the deputies and firemen would go down before the infuriated men, the deputies fired. This was not done, however, before knives and revolvers appeared in the hands of the strikers. But one volley was fired, and at the sound of the guns the mob broke and fled.

Eight Men Arrested.

Sheriff Begley arrived at Windbar this morning. He came from Somerset on a special engine to Point Creek and then took a special trolley to the scene of the trouble. This morning Deputy McMullen made charges of rioting against eight men before a local justice. All of them are foreigners.

Mining Engineer Delaney, who was hurt by a brick thrown while the rioters were storming the jail, and was taken to the hospital, was reported this morning to be in a serious condition.

Strikers Taken to Somerset.

To avoid the possibility of a conflict of authority, the state police were sworn in as deputy sheriffs immediately upon their arrival, and Windbar is now as quiet as though nothing had happened. Only the homes wrecked by the mob and the pools of blood on the streets where the men fell at the fire of the deputies remind one of the scenes of horror of the night just passed. The miners did not return to work in great numbers this morning, although four mines of the company are in operation with limited forces. Crowds of the curious are visiting the scenes of destruction, but the sightseers are kept constantly on the move by the officers on guard. A short time after six o'clock this morning Sheriff W. C. Begley and a force of deputies escorted the eleven men arrested last night to the street car line and started them on their way to the county jail at Somerset. The officers were all armed with rifles and formed a cordon around the prisoners who were handcuffed together.

No Attempt at Rescue.

Apparently the foreigners were completely cowed as the threatened attempt to rescue their comrades was not made.

The crowd watched the procession, but made no sign of either hostile or favorable feeling. Burgess Delehunt and Chief of Police Troxell this morning arrested another of the rioters and took him from among a crowd of his fellows just as he was leaving the town. No resistance was shown and the man was hustled to the city prison. Curtis Kester, the boy who was shot through the abdomen, is still living. He was reported dead during the night, but the physicians believe he has a fighting chance for recovery.

All the remainder of the wounded are doing nicely except one, a foreigner named Paul Bill, whose condition is serious. It is understood that the state constabulary will arrest the men known to be the ringleaders in last night's outbreak. The bodies of the dead are now being prepared for burial and the funerals will likely take place tomorrow.

ALFONSO IS IN ENGLAND

Spanish King Receives Hearty Welcome From the People.

Cowes, Isle of Wight, April 17.—King Alfonso of Spain, arrived here today. He was met miles outside by Princess Ena of Battenburg, and her mother, who boarded the Spanish royal yacht Giralda. The king and the princess subsequently landed and drove to Osborne. The young couple were warmly greeted by crowds of people.

King Alfonso has personally appealed to the newspaper men to permit him to enjoy his visit to the bride-elect without being subjected to any annoyance.

I Can Cure Cancer

At Home Without Pain, Plaster or Operation and I Tell You How, Free.

I Have Proven Cancer Can Be Cured at Home. No Pain, No Plaster, No Knife.—Dr. Wells.

I have discovered a new and seemingly unfailing cure for the deadly cancer. I have made some most astonishing cures. I believe every person with cancer should know of this marvelous medicine and its wonderful cures and I will be glad to give full information free to all who write me and tell me about their case.

Peter Keagan, Galesburg, Ill., had cancer of the mouth and throat. Doctors said, "no hope." Mr. Keagan wrote: "It is only a question of a short time—I must die." Today his cancer is Healed up and he is well. My marvelous radiatized fluid did it. It has other just such cures to its credit. It is saving people every day and restoring them to health and strength. If you have cancer or any lump or sore that you believe is cancer, write today and learn how others have been cured quickly and safely and at very small expense. No matter what your condition may be, do not hesitate to write and tell me about it. I will answer your letter promptly, giving you absolutely free full information and proof of many remarkable cures. Address, Dr. Rupert Wells, 1299 Granite Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

WEALTHY ladies and gentlemen of refinement, anxious to marry; photographs and descriptions free. T. B., Box 7, Canon City, Colo.

GOOD POSITIONS as salesmen now open in every state. Experience unnecessary if hustler. Steady work, good pay and promotion. Apply at once to Morotock Tobacco Works, Box D 11, Danville, Va.

WEALTHY GENTLEMAN, lover of home, amiable disposition, has large income, desires Lady Correspondent with view to matrimony. No objection to poor or working girl. Room 972, Mr. H., Ceylon Building, Chicago.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY of good appearance, worth $16,000, also owns home, desires the acquaintance of Gentleman, object matrimony, no objection to poor man. Will assist financially after marriage. Miss Hart, Dept. 256, 54 Wabash, Chicago.

GAIN OF 70 PER CENT

133,245 People Arrive in the United States in March.

Washington, April 17.—The total immigration to the United States from all countries during the month of March, 1906, according to a statement issued by the immigration bureau, was 133,245, or an increase of 70 per cent over March, 1904.

The number arriving in March, 1905, is given as 126,932. The number debarred during the same month was 659, an increase of forty per cent over 1904. The Russian immigration to this country during March, 1906, was 24,202, an increase of seventy-five per cent over 1904, the immigration for March, 1905, being 16,318. For the six months ended March 31, 1906, the immigration from all countries was 463,316, an increase of thirty-eight per cent over a similar period in 1904. For the same period the immigration from Russia increased forty per cent, those arriving numbering 81,733.

A statement of the immigration for February, 1906, shows that 68,696 persons arrived at the several ports, of whom 537 were debarred for various reasons. Out of the total arrivals there were landed at New York 55,441, of whom 256 were debarred.

SENATE THE LAST CHANCE

For Increase of Postoffice Appropriation Fund.

Washington, D. C., April 17. — The public buildings committee has finally decided to report a bill appropriating $500,000 for the Toledo postoffice building. Every item in the omnibus public building bill has been agreed to by the whole committee, and at the nod of Speaker Cannon it will be reported to the house.

It is said that the bill will be reported under an iron clad rule, which will not permit an amendment. This virtually makes the senate the "last chance" for an increase for Toledo. Only an insurrection against the bill will give Mr. Southard an opportunity to secure more than $500,000 for the Toledo project.

MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT

Congress Urged to Pass Insurance Legislation.

Washington, April 17.—President Roosevelt today transmitted to congress an important message relating to insurance legislation. Accompanying the message were the report and recommendations of the insurance convention which was held in Chicago last February. Among the recommendations is the draft of a bill which congress is urged to enact into law with such amendments as its wisdom may suggest.

The President urges the enactment of the proposed measure as, he says, we are not to be pardoned if we fail to take every step in our power to prevent the possibility of the repetition of such scandals as those that have occurred in connection with the insurance business as disclosed by the Armstrong committee.

FEMALE PONCE DE LEON

Boston, April 16.—At a meeting of the Therapeutic association, Prof. A. E. Dolbeare, of Tuft's college, read a letter from a woman in Rockland, begging him to send her an elixir

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

JENNINGS

EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR

Keynotes of Harmony

WEDNESDAY.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

THURSDAY.

Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace or their father or mother.

FRIDAY.

If we had lost our chief good, other people's good would remain, and that is worth trying for.

SATURDAY.

Community of interest is the root of justice; community of suffering, the root of pity; community of joy, the root of love.

SUNDAY.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

MONDAY.

Enveloped in a common mist, we seem to walk in clearness ourselves, and behold only the mist that enshrouds others.

TUESDAY.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has the pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Examples That Inspire to Higher Living

Emily S. Bouton

In reading over the many newspapers and magazine articles about Miss Anthony, one cannot help observing that amid all which is said regarding her wonderful intellectual gifts, her pluck and energy, stress is also laid upon her gentleness and her loving thought for others, and that in her most powerful arguments for justice for her fellow women, there was no tinge of bitterness.

To me, this fact that in all those years of hard work and constant disappointment, she grew in "grace of spirit," is one of the greatest evidences of her strength of character. It is among the hardest of lessons, that of learning to be patient under harsh judgment, careless misconceptions, or intentional misrepresentations. To fight a wrong against which the whole nature revolts is one thing. To keep self-poised, working against opposition without hatred or prejudice, with an eye intent only upon what is sought to be accomplished, is another.

Elizabeth Boynton Harbert tells this of Miss Anthony. Once when they were together, the latter said:

"Elizabeth, I want you to make me a promise. You know that in every town we visit, every woman who has made an unfortunate marriage, every mother who has her heart almost broken by a dissipated son, every woman who has suffered some great agony on account of the unjust laws—which do not give a mother an equal right with the father to her own children, or a woman the right to her wages—these women, hungry for sympathy and advice, crowd about with their heart-breaking stories, until I fear that I shall forget the thousands of noble men who love justice and purity. Now, I put it on your conscience, whenever I seem to be growing bitter or unjust to men, come to me and tell me. Do not let me, in my intense desire to make the world a safer, better place for women and children, do any injustice to men."

This was the spirit in which she worked and which carried her to the sunset of her days with a heart touched to tenderness for all humanity. On the other hand, Miss Anthony was never emotional. Enthusiasm was hers of the kind that made itself always felt, but nothing ever sent her into a spasm of wounded feeling, or an exhibition of angry excitement, no matter what was said or done in opposition to her will or wishes.

This is the lesson needed to be learned by all women in public work. It is necessary, not because of the cheap ridicule which follows any pronounced differences of opinion in their meetings, for that is of small account, it being usually a respectable exhibition of the same human nature that often turns the assemblies of men into temporary Sheols. But a loss of self-control takes away the force of any argument and weakens the influence of the individual, whatever or wherever the occasion. Women have enough to contend with in the humanitarian work they are trying to do, and in their struggle for equal rights and justice, without hindering progress by yielding to emotionalism.

Miss Anthony's plea not to be allowed to grow bitter is a good thing to take for Easter meditation. It is so easy to dwell upon real or fancied wrongs until it is difficult to look over or beyond them, so easy to see in every trifle a confirmation of some suspected injury or injustice.

Things sometimes seem to grow fast from very small beginnings. Especially is this true of those which touch the human self that is revelling in confident assurance of righteous thought and action. Even when there is not this assurance, almost always comes a first bitterness in the thought that we are misjudged, our motives misunderstood, our purposes misrepresented. And unless we are watchful over ourselves, and put away this thought of injury as soon as possible, the sense of it will grow constantly stronger until it overshadows all else and leads us to be unjust in our turn.

Lives have been many times ruined by letting the bitter thought take possession and drive out the spirit of love. It has a way of making us forget that there may be other points of view than our own. We lose sight of the fact that if we are true to the best and the highest of the heart's impulses, time will sweep away what we feel is a harsh and false judgment of our motives and actions.

This is one of the trials of strength which come sooner or later to everybody, and to meet it bravely, to overcome and place in the stead of bitterness the loving thought, the kindly judgment, is to take a long step forward toward real happiness. Perhaps there may come to us this question:

Sometimes I wonder which is best for me—
The sunny harbor or the stormy sea,
How may the soul ever rest, yet grow more brave;
Win calm, yet battle with each warring wave;
Win love, yet not forget loveless kind;
Win heaven itself, yet bear the world in mind?

We do not like to suffer; we do not want to bear pain, and yet it is true that remaining always in "the sunny harbor" would not develop strength. The life that does not demand patience, self-sacrifice and love, is not worth the living, however it may seem from the standpoint of struggle.

Those who realize the truth of what I am saying, and to whom also the deeper meaning of the Eastertide appeals, will understand why I spoke of binding in meditation the two together. The latter is a season of rejoicing in the memory of the sublime victory of the Divine over the human—a victory that it is possible for every soul that lives to gain in the near or the far time, depending upon the individual effort. The wealth of blossoming flowers and the thrilling songs of joy belonging to the season uplift the hearts that are open to their influence and cause the sunshine of hope to banish weariness and despair.

Robert Louis Stevenson out of a heart wrung by most courageous battling with suffering and disappointed longing to do the things which he could not, wrote the following lines thrilling with intense feeling:

If to feel, in the ink of the slough,
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire
Run through and transpierce and transpire,
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;
To thrill with the joy of girded men,
To go on forever and fall and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing not seen with the eyes:
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right,
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough;
Lord, if that were enough?

Who can doubt but that it was enough to carry him far onward in that life invisible with the other brave souls who fight bravely and win the victory? Here is one of the strongest expressions possible of faith, of the belief that somewhere and sometime "the smooth shall bloom from the rough."

It will do this here and now in this life, if we hold fast to the Easter spirit of gladness and hope and joy, bidding defiance to whatever threatens to dim the future. And even though what we long for does not come to us in its entirety, we may rest assured that it is because Infinite love has put something better in our way. Animated by this faith losses turn into gains, and we learn that it is true "when half-gods go, whole gods arrive."

The Cozy Corner

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

Our ever-welcome correspondent, "E. J. C.," sends us some excellent and easily followed suggestions for the care of the hair:

A woman's appearance depends so much upon the condition of her hair that no effort should be spared to keep it soft and glossy, and to arrange it to the best advantage. Those whose hair grows low on the forehead should arrange it in a soft pompadour, while those having a high forehead look better with the hair parted through the center of the head. The short woman may apparently add an inch or more to her height by arranging it high on the top of her head.

The natural color of the hair is generally that which suits the complexion, and it is foolish to attempt to dye it; this is often injurious to the hair and sometimes to the health of the individual. Red hair may be darkened with no ill effects, by simply applying a strong sage tea every day.

If the hair is naturally curly, let it wave and curl as it pleases, but it is folly to attempt to force the hair to curl by using hot irons. Smth braids are benerally very becoming to a woman.

A simple lotion for making the hair grow is made of two drachms tincture cantharides, six drachms essence rosemary, and ten ounces of elderflower water. No tonic, however, will be of much use unless the scalp is kept clean by washing it as often as needed and the need depends upon the occupation of the individual. There are many preparations recommended for cleansing the scalp, but a thorough use of warm, soft water in which a teaspoonful of borax has been dissolved, and a little good toilet soap is as effectual as anything else. Rub the soap on the ends of the fingers and work it into all parts of the scalp, rubbing persistently as you would in washing the face; then rinse with clear water and rub with a dry towel until the scalp and hair is dry.

After washing and drying the hair, apply a little vaseline or cocoa butter, to restore the oil that has been removed by the washing. An excellent pomade is prepared by using one ounce of beef marrow and one drachm of aromatic tincture.

If you are troubled with your hair falling out, mix two ounces of castor oil, one ounce each of spirits of rosemary and bay rum and a few drops of essence of bergamot. This makes the hair soft and glossy, and if applied daily for a week or two, will entirely cure its falling out.

For dandruff, put two ounces of gum camphor broken in small pieces and two ounces of powdered borax in a quart of boiling water. Apply to the scalp, rubbing it in with the tips of the fingers. Borax has an excellent effect upon the hair, increasing its growth and adding to its appearance. At night the hair should be thoroughly brushed to remove the dust that may have gathered on it during the day, and then braided loosely. Frequent brushing will lessen the need of frequent washing.

Some weeks ago the question of foreign mission work was introduced into the column in a very harmless letter; answers of various kinds were received at long intervals, and finally the subject was pronounced closed. This was not done because The Blade agreed especially with the sentiments of the latest writer, but because a subject becomes tiresome when continued for too long a time.

Now come two other correspondents demanding that more be said in favor of the foreign missionary question and intimating that The Blade accepts only the opinions of the lady who wrote the last letter. One of these ladies says she "feels as if the very stones would cry out for justice" if she did not write. The other goes still farther and writes that "if Mrs. R's. letter is to be the last on the subject, The Blade will have such unpleasant memories for me that I must banish it."

With all respect to these ladies, The Blade would suggest that if they felt so strongly on the subject, it would have been in order that they should have expressed their opinions and given their very excellent letters soner, before the subject had worn out the patience of those who, not being particularly interested in missionary work, demanded a change.

Another reason for dropping the subject was that from a very harmless inquiry, the matter had begun too take on the aspect of a religious quarrel—and if some of the letters sent but not published—could have been read by these latest correspondents, they would be convinced that the letter sent by "Mrs. R.," was very mild indeed.

Controversies on religious or political matters as well as personal recriminations, are barred from the household pages and ever must be. So while the editor of the Cozy Corner admires the letters sent by these ladies as being very well written and convincing to some, it is equally certain that they would, if published, call forth many other letters and start a controversy that could result in nothing but unpleasant feelings, and therefore the decision that this subject is closed for the present, must hold.

And this is an excellent time to suggest that answers to letters and inquiries be sent immediately, while the subject is fresh and the public still interested.

TO PREVENT SEA-SICKNESS.

Nothing to take, nothing to "rub on," only just to sit in a mechanical device and bob up and down by electricity instead of letting old ocean joggle you!

This device, which has been tried successfully on one of the big "liners" is described as consisting of a convertible chair, the seat of which is shifted about with a rapid up and down motion. The impulse comes from a small electro-motor attached to the apparatus and connected with the electric light wires present in every steamer.

The patient takes his place upon this quivering chair, and has about the same feeling as when on an automobile trip. The trembling motion causes one to feel less the pitching and reeling of the ship, while the long downward motions of the ship are neutralized by the quick and numerous upward striving, vibration shocks.

Passengers take their seat in this apparatus immediately upon feeling the slightest indication of sea sickness, and in a very few minutes are free from all discomfort.

Most of the patients remained exempt from the complaint during the whole further course of the ship. With others, the indisposition returned after a few hours, but with the beginning of a fresh treatment it vanished and did not return.

In a third series of cases which contained the easily excitable and very sensitive natures, the indications of sickness that were wholly absent in the quivering chair, at once reappeared after the patients had left it. Such passengers stayed upon the chair by the hour, some as long as ten hours at a stretch, without any injurious effect, and all agreed that the stay in the chair was very pleasant. The idea was originally suggested by a German chemist, Dr. Bronnel, who made the discovery during a particularly rough voyage.

DON'T WANT IT TO FREEZE!

In the face of the threatened ice famine in this country and the anxiety of good householders to have the weather grow cold enough to make the ice crop more plentiful, it seems odd to read that, in Siberian Asia, in the high basin of the Amur, when there is no snow the ice apt to increase very rapidly, and the natives cover it with pine boughs to keep the shallow streams from freezing up and killing out the fish.

FISH NOT BRAIN FOOD AFTER ALL.

Speaking of fish, a recent writer in McClure's Magazine, in dealing rather strenuously with many "food fads," says that the people who have been eating fish in the fond hope of strengthening their brains, because of the tradition that fish contains much phosphorus, which is strictly brain food, have wasted their time.

He says that fish contains no more phosphorus than meat, eggs, or any other proteid food, and got its reputation from the simple fact that dead fish left to decay upon the decks of fishing smacks or on the beach, display very frequently a greenish phosphorescence in the process of decomposition. This light, he claims, is not due to the fish at all, but to a group of bacteria which is feasting upon its remains.

On the subject of digestion, this writer says: "Stomachs can be spoiled by giving them too little to do, almost as easily as by giving them too much."

NOTHING UNCLEAN.

The same article contains these pithy suggestions and disclaimers: "No food can be mentioned, however indigestible or non-nutritious, which, in the proper time and place, and properly prepared, is not only permissible but useful. Here, as everywhere else, wisdom is simply a sense of proportion."

"If any individual prefers to restrict himself to a purely vegetable diet, including milk, butter, cheese and eggs, he is at perfect liberty to do so; but that he will gain any advantage whatever from his abstention from meat, we are utterly unable to confirm."

"The much despised product of the hog, while one of the slowest foods to digest, requiring four hours to leave the stomach and six more to be dissolved and absorbed in the small intestines, is also one of the surest foods we have to give off all its energy to the body. Its very slowness of digestion is what gives it its splendid staying powers for hard work, whether muscular or mental."

"There is an erroneous opinion abroad that white flour is deficient in nitrogen. The opposite is the case; its very richness in digestible and soluble gluten has given it first rank among breadstuffs, and it is a fact that wheat bread is the best vegetable food yet discovered. Life and vigor can not be sustained on it alone, so long nor so well, as upon meat alone, but it is far cheaper, and hence more used."

Speaking of the many so-called "health foods" on the market he says: "Mush makes a superb 'sour mash' in a weak stomach. If you must eat breakfast food, eat your breakfast first; for mush, like fruit, should come at the close of the meal instead of at the beginning."

A Woman's Work Among the Red Men

A woman of wonderful versatility is Miss Estelle Reel, national superintendent of Indian schools. As head of this vast educational system, she has displayed marked ability, due undoubtedly to her experience as state superintendent of public instruction in the state of Wyoming. Over three thousand teachers are employed in educating the Indian for citizenship, and Miss Reel has entire superintendence of the work.

Of interesting personality, tall, well-proportioned, and with a countenance that lights up with enthusiasm as she talks of her work, it is interesting to learn from this energetic woman's own lips the story of her travels by land and water to reach the various agencies. Some of these sound like fairy tales, for most of her time is spent in the field; and, as congress has a penchant for appropriating funds for the erection of schools in almost inaccessible places, her journeys are arduous in the extreme. Many of the schools are far away from railroads.

In starting on a journey, Miss Reel provides herself with a short dress and leggings, which are strapped to the knees. These, when necessary, take the place of her conventional traveling costume. Other impedimenta are a pharmacopoeia containing all sorts of simple home remedies, as she often has to take the place of a doctor, and many boxes of insect powder and disinfectants, as the Indians are far from cleanly. Often she rides on muleback through the regions difficult of access, and sometimes it requires the utmost urging to get the mule to advance.

"My most difficult journey, says Miss Reel, her eyes sparkling with the reminiscence, "is to the Yava Supai tribe in Arizona. These are remnants of the cliff-dwellers. They live in queer houses much like those of their ancestors, and to reach them I am obliged to float down the Colorado river on a barge for days. I am always met by two Indians, who manage the barge, and in every way try to make the journey easier for me, but at the best I can carry no clothing, and am subjected to the rays of the sun. I usually put a clean collar and handkerchief in my shirt waist, and have rigged up a stationary umbrella. The Indians are faithful and good, but, I must confess, I am glad when the journey is over."

"However," continues Miss Reel, laughingly, "there is an amusing side as well to my work. Only a short time ago I saw twenty squaws seated in front of a building, diligently at work combing as many children's heads. Investigation proved they had been reprimanded for sending their children to school with uncombed locks, and so had taken the opportunity to assemble in a conspicuous place that there might be no question as to whether it had been done or not that morning."

It is the aim of those interested in the Indian to bring to the front the handicrafts of their ancestors. A call has been issued for the oldest basket-weavers and pottery-makers of the various tribes to assemble at the nearest schools, that they may be engaged to teach the young Indians the symbolism and handicrafts of their tribes. The cultivation of these arts, which have been known to the Indians for generations, ought to assist in making the young Indian self-supporting, since the craze for Indian work has become general.

Unfortunately, the Indian has learned from the white man the use of aniline dyes and Germantown wool. The teachers are trying to discourage this.

Other industrial work taught the Indian children are farming, gardening, care of stock, and use of tools for the boys, and sewing, knitting, ironing and washing for the girls. Uncle Sam provides liberally for the children, and gives them three uniforms, one for work and play, one for the schoolroom, and a "Sunday best." Good wholesome food appears on the tables, and turkey dinners mark the holidays. As English is frequently an unknown tongue to the Indian on entering the schools, the children have to be taught the language. They learn it with aptitude, however, and that they differ little from other children is seen in the sentiment expressed by one boy, who wrote in a composition, "I would rather have to eat turkey every day than gravy."—Katherine Louise Smith in The Boston Cooking School Magazine.

SEWING CLASS OF INDIAN GIRLS.

Here and There

It often happens that as much is wasted in a family by a lack of care of what is brought into the house as in any other way, and this neglect on the part of a housekeeper proves the saying that a "woman can throw out on a teaspoon what a man brings in on a shovel."

Sugar, salt, rice, cereals and all supplies of that nature should be at once emptied from the bags in which they come from the store, into tin or glass receptacles, where they can be kept free from dust and insects.

Coffee should be kept in air-tight cans to prevent the loss of its aroma; olive oil kept in a cool place; salt, soap and cheese in a dry place.

The flour barrel should have supports under it to raise it a few inches from the floor and allow a current of air to pass underneath it; this will prevent the flour in the bottom of the barrel from having a musty taste. When flour is bought in small quantities, it should be emptied from the bags in which it is received and placed in either wood or tin receptacles, as there is always more or less of waste in using flour from a sack.

Never put fish, onions, melons or bananas in the ice box where there is anything else. Milk and cream should also be kept away from all other substances in the ice box, as they will absorb all odors.

Small and soft fruits should be carefully removed from the boxes in which they are sold, and carefully spread on a shallow platter, as their own weight will crush them.

Fresh meat should be at once removed from the paper in which it is wrapped, as the paper will absorb the juices; laying meat on ice will have the same effect. If meat, when warm, is placed on ice, or very near it, the heat is driven in and causes fermentation, which is poisonous.

Tar mixed to the consistency of paste with fine sand, and spread over a leak in the tin gutter of the house, will stop it most effectually.

A rubber bottle fitted with a "sprayer" at the top will be found very convenient in sprinkling clothes before they are ironed; it does the work more quickly and evenly than can be done in any other way.

In stringing beads use a linen thread, dipping the end of it into softened gum arabic and then rolling it between the fingers until it is fine and as hard as a needle; this will go through a bead so small that no needle and thread can be used.

THE COOK.

Priscilla Salad.

Remove the stems and skins from large, white grapes, take out the seeds with a pin so as not to break the pulp and place where they will become very cold. Beat two eggs very light, add two cupfuls grape juice, place in a double boiler and stir until thick; remove from the fire and add one dessert spoonful powdered sugar, one half teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonfull of mustard. Serve the grapes on the white leaves of lettuce with a spoonful of the dressing over each serving of grapes.

Apple Pie and Cheese.

Make the pie by your own best recipe, baking on small plates so as to be served whole to each guest. Grate cheese and moisten with a little sweet cream and press through a tube on the center of each pie. Serve warm.

Rye Bread Sandwiches.

Cut rounds from a rye loaf, remove the crust and spread with the following mixture: Whip cream until it is stiff, stir into this mustard until the cream is yellow, or the desired flavor of the mustard is obtained, and spread quickly on the slices of bread. Grate cold, boiled ham very fine and sift it over the cream and keep cold until served.

Apple Ice Cream.

Make a sauce from tart apples and sift so there may be no possible lumps of apple. To each pint of pulp add one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half wine glass full of rosewater, the grated rind of a small lemon and sugar to make it very sweet. Beat well and stir into one quart of cream and freeze in the usual way. Care should be taken to have as little water as possible in the sauce, and to avoid this some prefer to bake the apples before sifting, instead of boiling them.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

A new applicant for membership from Illinois certainly "takes the cake" for experiences in her household affairs, though it is "the other half" that is the active member of this matrimonial partnership:

When I was a girl I had two special grudges; one was against an absent-minded man, and the other against a minister, and I vowed that I would live and die an old maid before I would marry one of either class. Result—I am at this moment the wife of a minister and mother of his three children, and if there is a more absent-minded creature on this round earth, I hope never to see him—and yet I could not for anything spare him.

One little incident will show you that my words are not vain. A few weeks ago, when the weather was cold, and there was snow on the ground, we went to market one evening after supper, leaving the eldest child at home and taking the two younger—one a baby in her cab—with us. We bought quite a little pile of groceries and loaded them into the cab in front of the baby. Reaching home I went in with the child I was leading and proceeded to the kitchen, where my husband soon followed with the packages.

While I was putting them away I heard the baby crying, not a really pitiful cry, but a good, loud, angry roar, and then I heard the front door opened very hurriedly and I went into the hall just in time to see a shame-faced man bringing in a cab containing an exceedingly wrathy baby. After carrying the groceries into the kitchen he had settled himself to read the evening paper, entirely forgetting the baby until she recalled herself to his memory by setting up a wail. Now did you ever? Or did you think you would like to? — Mrs. Robert Lee.

The Chaperon has received a letter from one who says it is her "soul's greatest desire" to become a member of the M. G. R. She overflows with gushing, girlie, girlie, phrases: calls the Chaperon "dear grandmama," asks, with the greatest interest why the boys don't come oftener and threatens not to "love them any more" if they do not. She says "Quien Saba" writes "perfectly sweet" letters, and asks for the addresses of seven of the young gentlemen "for correspondence." Her spelling would be no credit to a second year pupil in the public school, and her letter paper was so strongly scented with—something—that the "fragrance (?) filled the air."

Anyone who has read the M. G. R. since its establishment, knows that this person has very little idea of its purpose, though she asserted that she had read it—"Oh, for ages" It is, without doubt, a very desirable organization to belong to, but is hardly intended to fill the "soul's greatest desire." The fact that "Birdie" will not love the boys any more if they fail to write oftener is sad, and we can imagine our M. G. R. boys writhing under such a fate, but really—well, there can be but one disposal of such a letter, which was made at once, and Miss Prudence only mentions it to impress upon any other similar "girlie" the uselessness of applying for a membership.

The M. G. R. is for young men and women who have some object in joining it beyond corresponding with strangers, and who are in earnest in their efforts for improvement. The pleasant side of the correspondence is but one side—and a very good side certainly—but there is more to life than mere pleasure, especially such an ideal of pleasure as is evinced in this letter.

If the letter had been received the first of April, it would have been considered in the light of a very poor joke, and nothing more, but it was dated and received some days before that. While all sincere young people are always most welcome, no such applications as this will be considered.

I am sure, from all appearance, that Miss Prudence's boys and girls will never let the M. G. R. be discontinued for want of their support, and the only reason there is ever a scarcity of letters from them is that time flies so rapidly that we do not realize how long it is between letters, but we will guard against delay after this. We all have much sympathy for "Illinois," and think she knows where to find her best friend in time of trouble.

"Unicetti," please relieve our minds as to whether you are suffering from the effects of your Christmas happiness; is that a reason for your not writing to us?

Have we ever been told which of the "pen pictures" of Miss Prudence was the nearest correct If so, I must have missed it.

I do not think any of the marriages discussed could result in much happiness; either with the mismated in point of age or where there is love only on one side, and now I would like to know your opinion when one of the parties is fond of dancing, card playing and all worldly pleasures, and the other a man or woman who is striving to live a thoroughly godly life; which will have the most influence over the other?

Considering the amount of work accomplished by our "Hoosier School Girl," it is not surprising that she cannot write as often as we know she would like to. I only wish we lived near each other so I could "run in" to help her sometimes.

"Where are "Coralyn," "Little My," "Ethel," "Juanita," "Nellie Grey" and others who have been so long silent? Would it not be a good time if the Chaperon would have a roll call, and each respond with a sentence, if no more?—"Pansy," Kansas.

Banner Puzzlers

FOR FEB.

New Work ..... Dode
Solutions ..... Pauline

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was born in London in 1792, and was the greatest of English pictorial artists after Hogarth. The earliest of his drawings known is dated 1799, when he was only seven years of age, and when he was fifteen he was already distinguished by them. He illustrated a number of popular books, but was so poorly paid for his work that he was latterly obliged to part with his vast collection, and in 1876 an annuity of $250 was settled upon him from the Royal Academy's Turner Fund. He died in 1878.

HAWKEYE.

2.—CUT FLOWERS.

Add two letters to each of the following words, and have a fine assortment for your next reception.

A household utensil, a musical instrument, a gauzy fabric (phon.), the song of a frog (phon.), nickname for a girl, division of time (phon.), child's name for male parent, something printers abhor, a pleasant expression of the face (phon), an athletic sport (phon.)

DODE.

3.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

On a railway having four tracks, stand 4 engines. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 side by side, facing out, with steam up ready to move. Their maximum speed per hour in miles is: No. 1, 30; No. 2, 40; No. 3, 50; No. 4, 60. In starting, 1 attains to maximum speed in 60 seconds; 2 in 80 seconds; 3 in 100 seconds; 4 in 120 seconds. In starting speed is attained by arithmetical progression per second. At 12 o'clock noon 1 begins to move; 30 minutes later 2 starts. At what distance from starting point will 2 overtake 1, and when should 3 and 4 start so that all will come abreast when 2 catches up with 1? What is the distance run, and the running time of each engine?

J. A. G.

4.—DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

X O O O
O X O O
O O X O
X O O X
O X O O
O O X O
O O O X

1.—Certain.
2.—A coarse kind of flour.
3.—Superficial contents.
4.—A small quadruped.
5.—A circle.
6.—Crippled in the lower limbs.
7.—Honest; faithful.

Diagonals spell the name of the busiest, happiest time of a farmer's life.

BELLE BURRITT.

5.—QUERY.

Who can tell us something about the "Tobacco Cabinet?"

BUCKEYE, JR.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:

"Tom Lee, her last beau, why, my goodness!
He used to be here day and night;
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband,
And Jack says that gave him a fright!

You won't run away then, as he did,
For you're not a rich man, they say;
Pa says you're poor as a church mouse.
Now, are you? And how poor are they?"

PERRY CROSS.

Answers to Puzzles of April 15th.

1.—Charles Kingsley.
2.—Rockefeller.
3.—Length of line 9.13 ins. distance from small end, 12.77. (See chat.)
4.—Words forming double acrostic: Self, howl, olio, whew, ease, roar, sins. Primals showers: Finals, flowers.
5.—The name "Bull," as applied to documents, has its origin in the Latin Bulla, meaning anything round or swelling, and referred at first to the capsule of the seal appended to letters from emperors or the pope. Afterwards it was applied to the seal, and next to the document itself. They are issued by the apostolic chancellor, and are dated from "the day of incarnation," whereas briefs are always dated from "the day of nativity." The name is now applied exclusively to letters or documents issued in the name of the pope. In cases of granting favors, etc., the seal is appended to the open letter by a yellow or red band of silk; but in the administration of justice a gray hempen band is used. All bulls except those addressed to the United Greek Christians are written in Latin in gothic letters, and on the rough side of parchment. All bear the name and title of the pope. To each bull is appended the leaden seal of the church, bearing on the obverse the arms of the pope, and on the reverse his name. Bulletin is derived from the same source and is applied to messages from generals, reports of the health of distinguished people, and in France is used to denote the slips of paper on which the electors write their votes.
6.—In Dryden's translation of Ovid occurs this passage:
"Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."

Chat.

The solution sent by Chas. Buchanan this:

147 plus 103 equals 250x2 equals 500x6 equals 3,000; sq. rt. of 3,000 equals 54.77; 54.77 divided by 6 equals 9.13 length of line, and 54.77 minus 42 equals 12.77 distance from short side.

Any one finding this solution unsatisfactory can have a copy of the diagram and explanation sent them by enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope to the Schoolmistress.

There was a nice class at the 'Cademy this morning. The Schoolmistress is very glad to note the increased interest as manifested by this enlarged attendance.

She greeted Milton, E. L., E. G. R., Hawkeye, John Rogers, Lewis J. Baird, A. M. Greene, George Vore, Mrs. H. Larned, Buckeye Jr., W. P. E. and Pauline.

John Rogers—If you will compare the answers with the puzzles you will soon understand the method of forming diamond, squares, etc. If you cannot make it out send a self-addressed envelope to the Schoolmistress, care of The Blade, and receive full instructions.

A. M. Greeno—Glad to see you after your long absence. Coming regular now?

W. P. E., in answering a recent puzzle, says: "Good puzzle, Dode." Dode will be glad to know he approved of it.

Pauline—Letters are often delayed, but when they do finally get to the Schoolmistress, they are credited where they belong.

Milton—Your screed was handed to the Cozy Corner editor. Look for it in a week or two.

OPPORTUNITY TALKS.

Yes,
I am Opportunity;
But, say, young man,
Don't wait for me
To come to you;
You buckle down
To win your crown,
And work with head
And heart and hands,
As does the man
Who understands
That those who wait,
Expecting some reward from fate,
Or luck, to call it so,—
Sit always in the 'way-back row.
And yet
You must not let
Me get away when I show up,
The golden cup
Is not for him who stands,
With folded hands,
Expecting me
To serve his inactivity.
I serve the active mind,
The seeing eye,
The ready hand
That, me passing by,
Takes from me
The good I hold
For every spirit
Strong and bold,
He does not wait
On fate
Who seizes me,
For I am fortune,
Luck, and fate,
The corner stone
Of what is great
In man's accomplishment,
But I am none of these
To him who does not seize;
I must be caught,
If any good is wrought
Out of the treasures I possess.
Oh, yes,
I'm Opportunity;
I'm great;
I'm sometimes late,
But do not wait
For me;
Work on,
Watch on,
Good hands, good heart,
And some day you will see—
Out of your effort rising—
Opportunity.

—William Lampton

The Story of Huerfana

I am a little girl, eleven years old now, and Huerfana is my burro. A burro is a donkey, you know. Some prospectors left Huerfana just inside our pasture fence one day. Prospectors are men traveling about the country looking for places with property "chances" or business "chances," or "chances" to work where they can better themselves. Prospectors care for the prospects of finding something or other valuable. That is why they are called "prospectors."

These prospectors had traveled about three hundred miles to examine a mining camp near us. They were disappointed in the camp and decided to go back to Colorado. Huerfana was about a year old then, just a baby burro, and she couldn't stand so much traveling. Apolinario, our man, was out at the stack feeding our horses, when the Colorado prospectors went through our ranch. They say he heard one of them clubbing something, and that when he went to look to see what the noise was, he saw one of the prospectors riding off up the canyon, and there was the little donkey burro lying down inside one of the big pasture gates. And there she lay all day and never stirred.

Somehow I could not keep away from the little creature. That evening I put as much hay as I could in my cart and took it over to her. But the next morning the little burro was gone. I was sure she was lost, but Apolinario said he thought she had gone to look for her mother, and would be back again when she didn't find her.

I suppose Apolinario knows something about little burros, for she came over to the stack that afternoon and I fed her. After that she stayed around the stack the most of the time. Once some Indians came through the ranch with a train of pack burros, and the little burro was going to follow them off, but I drove her back myself and shut her up in the stable. I thought maybe she'd feel more at home if she had a name of her own and learned to know it, but I couldn't decide what to call her. Apolinario said I'd better call her "Huerfana," because she was an orphan. So I named her "Huerfana."

At first Huerfana was very "broncho" all the time. "Broncho" means that she was cross and contrary and crabbed. In our country they call a very ugly Indian pony, or a bad mustang pony, "broncho." This baby donkey was very broncho indeed, at first. She wouldn't let anyone touch her. But after I brought her hay and fed her a good many times she got so she would come to me when I called "Huerfana!"

After awhile I taught her to "lead." Mamma said I might do what I had a mind to with her. I tied a rope around her little neck, and then, when she wanted a drink badly, I led her to the river to get it. That was the way I broke the little burro to "lead."

One day after she got to liking me pretty well, and wasn't so broncho, I put a saddle on Huerfana. She didn't make any fuss about it as a true broncho would. I wanted my brother McLean to ride her, but he was afraid to. He was only three years old and I think he was too little to ride a new burro. I was seven and big for my age, and I knew it would have to be me to do the riding. I took Huerfana up alongside of a stump and crawled into the saddle myself. Huerfana stood perfectly still until McLean picked up a little switch and hit her on her hind legs. That started her up and she loped down the meadow finely. At the stables I got one of our horses' bridles and fixed it to fit her, but I've never been able to make one small enough since. I always have had to use a rope around her neck, instead of having a bridle.

Another day I thought it would be nice to give McLean a sleighride. I put a gunny-sack on Huerfana's neck. All the horse collars are so big that Huerfana can almost walk through them. So I took the hames from a work harness and put them on over the gunny-sack.

I HAD A HARD TIME GETTING MY LOAD HOME.

I fastened the ends of the chains to a singletree and tied the sled to a ring in the singletree.

I led Huerfana around for a while and then I told McLean to get on the sled. Huerfana didn't seem to like all this at first, but she finally got used to it, and nearly every day we gave McLean a fine sleighride.

We were getting the little burro quite well broken when one day I noticed some pieces of boards over on the hillside, and I thought it might be a good plan to bring them over. They would be nice to use in the fireplace. That day mama had said I could stay out and play for an hour or so. I thought it might be a fine surprise for mama to have me bring in a big load of nice kindling boards. So I hitched Huerfana up to the sled, drove her over to the hillside, and put the boards on the sled.

I never knew until then how really "broncho" that little burro was!

First, she jumped up on a big stump that was in the way. When I pulled her back, she got outside the chains, kicked all the wood off the sled, and stood back on the sled and brayed. I led her away to a good smooth place and brought the boards and put them on the sled again. Then I took a little switch and switched her on the hind legs just as Apolinario does. She went all right for a little way, but I had a hard time getting my load home. At the most unexpected moment Huerfana would kick the boards off and stand on the sled, or she would lie down. Then every time I would have to wait until she got up and was ready to go again. Finally I got her almost to the woodpile, when she lay down and wouldn't get up again, and I had to carry the boards the rest of the way myself. I was very tired. So was Huerfana. Mama told me the burro was too young to carry loads. I would have to wait until she grew bigger and more sensible.

I am going to feed her a lot so that she will grow. She is getting fat already. I believe when she grows up she will be a well-broken burro. Apolinario says I do very well with her for a little girl. Anyway, I enjoy training her, and Huerfana always obeys me, sooner or later.—Jean L. Fenton in Little Folks.

SOMMA BUILDINGS FALL

Town so Buried In Ashes That Assistance Is Impossible.

Naples, April 11.—The morning opened with the atmosphere oppressive and yellow with ashes from Mt. Vesuvius, causing a feeling of apprehension regarding what the future may hold in store for this city and its vicinity. The volcano was completely hidden in a dense mass of cinder-laden smoke, the only other signs of activity being frequent and very severe detonations and deep rumblings. From all quarters come reports of the accumulation of ashes.

Starvation Imminent.

The flight of the terror-stricken inhabitants of towns and villages, the collapse of buildings, the insufficiency of the relief measures, hunger and discouragement add to the awful conditions prevailing. It is no longer possible to reach the points which have suffered most severely; even the soldiers detailed to guard the ruins at Ottajano have been recalled and the town has been left to its fate.

Gratitude for Soldiers.

The military forces have earned the gratitude and admiration of the people by their devotion to duty and bravery. Not only are they credited with many acts of heroism, but they have displayed untiring perseverance in searching for the living and the dead among tottering walls, assisting fugitives to reach places of safety, giving aid to the wounded, and in burying the dead, and all this while partly suffocated by the ash and cinder laden wind blowing from the volcano. No danger has been too great for troops to encounter and no fatigue too severe for them.

In this work the soldiers and others have been shown a worthy example by the duke and duchess of Aosta, who are praised on all sides. The duke is pronounced to be a worthy descendant of the late King Humbert, who in 1884, went to the assistance of the sufferers from the cholera epidemic, visiting the patients in the hospitals and in some cases remaining by the bedside of the excess is dying until the end.

Situation Less Alarming.

The situation generally is considered less alarming than yesterday evening. The quantity of ashes being emitted is not so great and the rumblings are less frequent, though ashes and cinders are still falling over this city. There are about four inches of ashes in the streets.

Cinders Six Feet Deep.

According to the Mattino, fifty houses, three churches and the municipal buildings at Somma have collapsed, the sand and cinders are six feet deep there and all the inhabitants have sought safety in flight. Houses at Ottajano are still collapsing and most of the buildings in the towns and villages in that neighborhood are tottering or in ruins.

The employes of a tobacco factory at Naples, thinking the roof was about to fall in this morning, fled in panic from the building, and communicated their fears to so many people outside that the police were compelled to interfere and restore order. Many persons were injured during the panic.

Wherever it has been possible to do so the street car service has been re-established. The wheels in their friction with the tracks, generate flames, showing the great amount of sulphur in the ashes.

Million of Dollars Needed.

So widespread is the catastrophe caused by the eruption of Vesuvius that it is estimated it will require an organized body of 100,000 men and the expenditure of many millions of dollars to raze houses made unsafe for habitation by the accumulation of ashes and cinders on the roofs, erect temporary huts of refuge for the thousands who have been obliged to flee from their homes, clear the roofs of buildings that may yet be saved, and extricate from the ruins of fallen structures and bury the dead. The papers unite today in urging the government to send here General Baldissera, who saved the situation after the crushing defeat of the Italians at the hands of the Abyssinians at Adowa, Abyssinia, in the spring of 1896, and instruct him to organize and control the work of relief.

Prisoners Break Open Doors.

The prisoners in the city jail mutinied owing to fright and succeded in breaking open some of the doors inside the building, but were subdued by the guards. The prisoners, however, are in a state of great excitement, requiring double guards.

Eruption of Sand.

A great eruption of sand is observed on the east side of the main crater. This is worse than ashes, as it is heavier. The ejection of ashes seems to have diminished.

Fresh shocks of earthquake are being felt, especially in the direction of Ottajano, Somma and Nola. Fortunately the great amount of ashes on the ground seems to have counteracted the telluric action of the shocks.

Another part of the main cone of the volcano has fallen in, causing a great discharge of redhot stones, flame and smoke.

Reports from Sicily state that ashes from Mount Vesuvius are noticeable there.

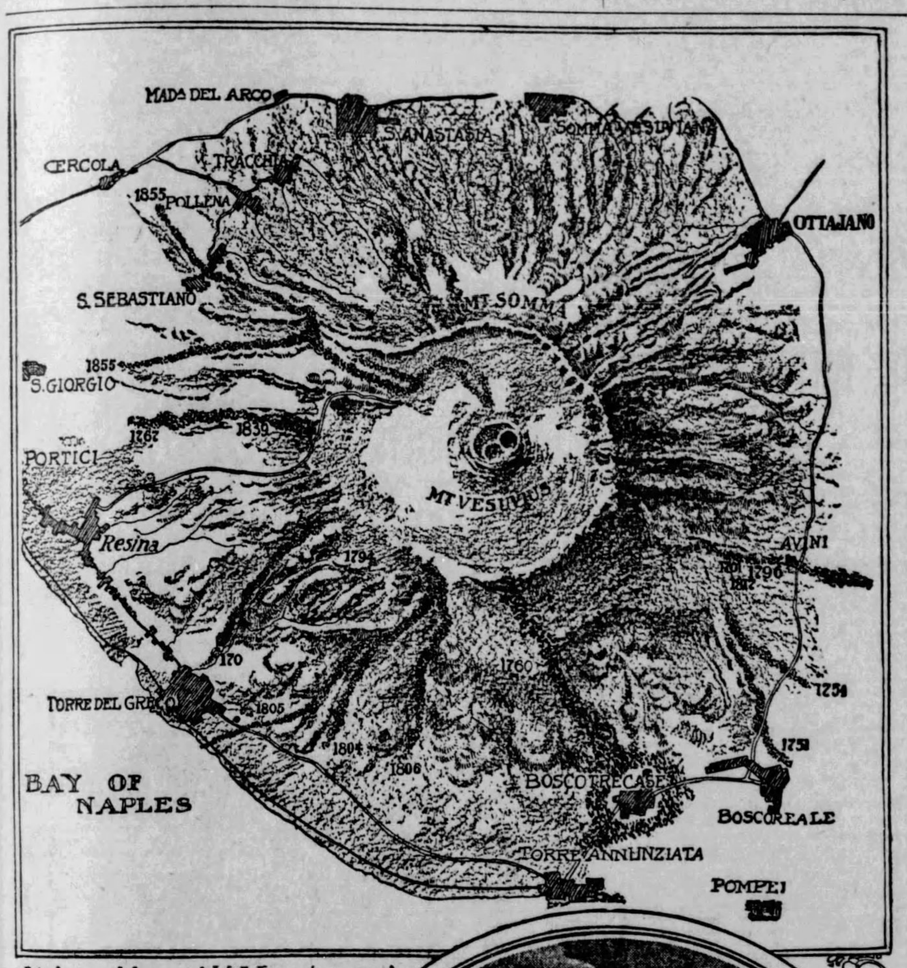
Five Hundred Have Perished.

Rome, April 11.—A dispatch from Naples to the Tribune reports that 500 perished in the district between Ottajano and San Guiseppe.

Many Towns Evacuated.

Torre Del Greco, Sarno and San Gennaro have been evacuated and Portici, Ciricello, Poggio and Morino are practically uninhabitable. The situation at Torre Annunziata has somewhat improved as the current of lava has ceased to threaten it.

At Torre Del Greco the downfall of ashes and sand continues. The inhabitants are awaiting steamers to escape from the danger zone. San Gennaro is punged into obscurity. The majority of the houses have fallen. Fugitives arriving in Naples confirm the previous reports to the effect that houses at Ottajano continue to fall and the towns and the villages in its neighborhood are nothing but ruins. At San Guiseppe, the ashes and sand are over four feet deep. Troops are encamped in the public squares here in readiness to move quickly to the assistance of endangered places, and patrols with military doctors are rendering assistance to the fugitives.



Birdseye View of Mt. Vesuvius and Vicinity

Photo by Frank A. Perret

Photograph of Mt. Vesuvius in Eruption Showing Lava Decending the Mountain in the Direction of the Railway

Storm of Boiling Water.

Rome, April 11.—Premier Sonnino left Rome for Naples today to supervise the government measures for the relief of the sufferers from the volcanic outbreak. The Vita today published a dispatch from Castellammare, timed 3:30 this morning, saying that during the night trains arrived there with thousands of fugitives from Torre Del Greco.

These persons were in a pitiable state, covered with ashes and badly panic stricken. They said Torre Del Greco was visited by a terrible storm accompanied by the fall of boiling water and stones the size of eggs. The houses began falling down and the population fled. The municipality of Castellammare is succoring the fugitives. As this dispatch was filed at Castellammare the volcanic tempest had recommenced at Torre Annuziata.

Loss to Property $20,000,000.

The loss to property by the volcano outbreak is estimated at $20,000,000, and it is announced that 50,000 persons have been rendered homeless.

TOO MUCH POPULARITY

English Papers Comment on Roosevelt's Speech.

London, April 16. — Most of the morning newspapers devote their leading articles to President Roosevelt's speech at the ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of the new office building of the house of representativs at Washington on Saturday. Their comment generally is favorable to the President's words. In the view of the papers it was a bold speech, but only what was to be expected of President Roosevelt. His defense of public men appeals strongly to Englishmen.

Mr. Roosevelt, the articles say, is commencing to suffer from too much popularity, and already comment and abuse are heard where a year ago not a single voice was raised against him. His outspoken words in the suggestion of a progressive tax to prevent any individual inheriting over a certain amount, the critics believe, will make him more enemies in America, but here, they say, the words do not sound dreadful, as England has what he is aiming at in an income tax combined with a system of graduation and a succession duty which does not limit the amount an heir may inherit, but produces a big revenue from estates.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

PEOPLE RETURN HOME

Last Vestiges of Eruption Are Rapidly Disappearing.

Naples, April 14.—The news from the Vesuvius region continues to be satisfactory, the sun is shining brightly this morning and the last vestiges of the eruption are disappearing from Naples.

The work of cleaning and sweeping is still going on here, but the city has about resumed its normal appearance, while the reports from the villages and towns in the region of Vesuvius say that the people are gradually returning to their homes, that the stores are being reopened and that the inhabitants of the towns which suffered the least are actively engaged in repairing their damaged homes and churches and in opening up the roads, in which they are assisted by the troops and government engineers.

This being Sabato Santo or the Saturday before Easter, the churches of this city are overcrowded with worshipers of all classes, from the lady in an elegant velvet gown arriving in a magnificent carriage, to the humble beggar girl, who finds it difficult to afford the cheap handkerchief on her head.

After the last great eruption, which occurred in 1872, the land covered by cinders did not produce crops for seven years and the losses in this respect alone averaged $20,000,000 yearly. It is believed that it will take ten years to bring the land under cultivation again. The people as a demonstration of their gratitude for the sympathy which led to the French squadron being sent here, enthusiastically greeted the French sailors when they landed.

Professor Issues Bulletin.

Professor Mattucci in a bulletin issued this afternoon, said:

"The instruments in the observatory are relatively calm. The crater continues to discharge sand but with less violence. I am awaiting information regarding the streams of lava toward Boscotrecase, to which spot I cannot go in person. The condition in the zone surrounding me indicate that a complete cessation of the eruptive phase is near."

PEASANTS ARE STARVING

Hunger Typhus Appears In Russian Provinces.

Kharkoff, Russia, April 13.—The famine among the peasants in the Riazan, Kazan, Simbirsk and Tula provinces has assumed an acute phase. The grain has all gone, and among the peasants, who absolutely are without bread, hunger typhus has appeared. The mortality is especially large among the children.

Several famine committees are issuing appeals for funds to rescue the starving. In these appeals they state that thirty cents will preserve the life of a child for a week and ninety cents that of an adult.

EARTHQUAKE ON ISLAND

Formosa Gets Shock Greater Than the Last.

Tokio, April 14.—A violent earthquake occurred this morning in the southern part of the island of Formosa. The casualties and damage done are reported to be heavier than those of the last earthquake.

As a result of the earthquake in Formosa last month, 1,014 persons were killed, 695 were injured and 1,200 houses were demolished.

The prosperous towns of Datiyo, Raishiko, and Shinko were completely destroyed. The damage done was roughly estimated at $45,000,000.

ARE AFTER KING PETER

Serious Servian Crisis Is Brewing.

London, April 13.—Belgrade telegrams give official denial to the statement that King Peter intends to abdicate. The denial, however, does not counteract the general belief that a serious Servian crisis is brewing, and April 26 is named as the day on which the king will be dethroned and expelled unless he abdicates beforehand.

A strong party is reported to have been formed against King Peter, but in favor of his cousin, Prince Arsen Karagaorgevitch, who is now an officer in the Russian army.

TURKEY IS URGED ON

Germany Encourages Sultan to Resist Great Britain.

London, April 13.—Germany is using diplomatic influence there to encourage Turkey to reist Great Britain in the dispute about the occupation of Tabak, in the Sinai peninsula.

A correspondent says he is informed authoritatively that the support the sultan is receiving from Berlin accounts for his obstinacy in face of the clear declaration by the British government.

MOSQUITOE IS USELESS

Extermination Society In Session In New York.

New York, April 13.—The American Mosquito Extermination society began its third annual convention here. President William J. Matheson, of New York, in his opening address, said that a large percentage of the population of this country yearly lose their lives, or are incapacitated by disease, from the insidous work of the mosquito.

The society, he said, seeks the co-operation of every scientist and layman who wants to better his own and his neighbor's condition of existence, and when the public is once convinced that a remedy is practical for the mosquito pest, measures will be taken for relief by the state and nation.

The "mosquito brief," designed to convey to laymen information regarding mosquitoes, and to form a "confession of faith" of the society, was discussed and adopted. Some of its declarations are:

"There are over 100 species of mosquitoes in the United States. Mosquitoes require one to three weeks to develop from eggs to winged insects. Some species lay as many as 300 or 400 eggs at a time. Only few mosquitoes live a month.

"Rigid tests prove that certain species are the only natural means of transmitting malarial and yellow fever. Other diseases are known to be conveyed by mosquitoes.

"Of the domestic variety the dangerous malarial mosquitoes are among the most generally distributed. They never seem to travel far, only a few hundred yards.

"Mosquitoes are known to bite more than once.

"Mosquitoes are a needless and dangerous pest. Their propagation can be prevented."

WILL BE CASTRO'S AID

General Bell Slated for Head of Venezuelan Army.

Denver, April 12.—Sherman M. Bell, minister of war and military dictator of Venezuela.

Burt M. Bloom, adjutant general of Venezuela.

Frank Kimball, inspector general and military secretary of Venezuela.

These are the positions to which the men named may be called. In fact, they are so certain of being called to fill these positions that the three of them are already making preparations to leave the state at a moment's notice.

High officials at Washington consulted Sherman Bell, former adjutant general of the National Guard of Colorado, a short time ago to see if he would be willing to go to Venezuela as minister of war. The communication stated that if Gen. Bell decided to accept it he would have the privilege of naming two other men to serve, one in the capacity of adjutant general and the other as inspector general and military secretary.

Gen. Bell selected his former assistant adjutant general, Col. Burt B. Bloom, and his former paymaster, Col. Frank Kimball. Colorado officials endorsed these selections of Gen. Bell, and he has been notified that they are satisfactory to the Washington authorities. The three Coloradoans have been notified to hold themselves ready to go to the South American republic at a moment's notice.

The filibustering expedition, which backed by New York capitalists, is causing the United States government considerable worry, will have to deal with Gen. Bell, the Colorado exponent of "law and order."

The method of procedure in appointing him to the high Venezuelan office has already been decided upon. President Castro of Venezuela will appeal to the United States government for protection of his republic. The protection will come in the shape of men and arms to ward off the filibusters. Gen. Bell, Col. Bloom and Col. Kimball will accompany this expedition, with their appointments as Venezuelan military officers signed by President Castro. They will not only take charge of the United States forces sent to the South American continent, but will also reorganize and drill the native soldiers.

When the filibustering expedition has been repulsed with the combined forces of the two governments, the Colorado men will remain in Venezuela as chief officers of the native army. They are planning to take many American ex-soldiers with them, and will appoint them as officers in the different regiments.

Gen. Bell was one of the Rough Riders to charge up the slope of San Juan hill, and served the state of Colorado as adjutant general for two years. He is noted for his bravery and for his disregard of conventions and customs when he sets out to accomplish a certain object, and Washington officials feel that he would be the man to control any situation that might arise in the South American republic.

Gen. Kimball and Bloom have had long experience in the field and in the same work in the Colorado National Guard, and are well fitted to reorganize the Venezuelan army.

MAN HAD 25 CHILDREN

Mormon With 500 Descendants Is Dead.

Phoenix, Ariz., April 12.—Erastus Bingham, eighty-four years old and a member of the Mormon church since his early childhood, is dead at his home near Mesa City. He was born in Vermont and followed his church brethren throughout all their wanderings vicissitudes to Ohio, Illinois and Missouri and then as a member of the Mormon battalion to Salt Lake, arriving there a few days after the first pioneers.

He has been twice married and is the father of twenty-five children, twenty of whom are still living.

Bingham now has a granddaughter of the fifth generation who is a young woman. His second child, a son, married and became the father of nineteen children.

His posterity will number five hundred and there are eight pairs of twins among them. He came to Arizona as an officer in the church above twelve years ago.

BIG DAM IS COMPLETED

Is Considered the Largest in the World.

New York, April 13.—After fourteen years of steady work and at an expense of $7,000,000 the new Croton dam has been completed. Water is filling the enormous basin it makes of the once beautiful valley and hillsides of the Croton river and early next month is expected to reach the level of the top of the spillway .When it does so there will be 34,000,000,000 gallons of water added to the supply for this city.

Adding a new wonder to the great engineering feats of the world, the new Croton dam stands easily foremost of works of that kind. In its colossal masonry, in height, length, thickness and volume of water confined it has no rivals. It is larger than the three great dams of Europe combined. They are the Vyrny dam in England, the Furens in France and the Gilippe in Belgium. In Egypt the Assouan dam, built to control the irrigating floods of the Nile, is longer than the Croton dam, but it is more of a dike than a dam and is only seventy feet in height, against 301 feet of the Croton's wall.

Soon the once narrow Croton river will be a great lake, 2,400 feet across at the dam breast, filling the valley behind it for nearly twenty miles and spreading at Hunter's Brook to an extreme width of two miles. Three miles from the new dam is the old Croton dam, once regarded as a wonderful structure. When the waters have risen to the top of the new dam the top of the old Croton dam will be thirty-three feet below the surface. Below the new dam the great stretch of land in the valley belongs to the city. It has been graded, and will be made into a public park. Already the shops of the contractors there are being torn down.

The new dam is in three sections, the main dam extending 1,400 feet from the south side of the Croton valley to a point where the spillway and the bridge span begin. The spillway curves away to the eastward and is 1,000 feet long. Over this and the top of the main dam is a highway twenty-one feet wide. Under the bridge will flow the water after passing over the spillway.

When the present site was finally decided upon for the dam it was necessary to penetrate to the solid rock for a foundation. Borings through the surface earth found a disintegrated rock below, and it was not until a depth of 85 feet was reached that the solid rock was found. On this has been reared the dam, the most enormous mass of masonry in the world. It is 2,400 feet long from the south end of the main dam to the north end of the spillway. At its base it is 216 feet thick, and this tapers toward the top, where it is ten feet across the top of the spillway and 21 feet wide at the top of the main dam. The slope of the inner wall is very slight.

When the floods of early spring bring a great volume of water over the dam, it will be full of ice, giant blocks many tons in weight, which must be crushed as they drop from step to step below. To meet their shock and to reduce them to powder the big stone blocks were put in the face of the spillway.

When the water has risen to the top of the spillway and is flowing over it its surface will be sixteen feet below the level of the highway which crosses the main dam and the bridge. The water will be 160 feet in depth at the dam. There is 95 feet of water there now, and it is rising every day—faster since the heavy snow of Thursday.

In the fourteen years since ground was first broken for this dam the loss of human life there has been less than that on any similar work in the history of such operations, according to Mr. Coleman. Men have been killed by premature explosions and other accidents and once the force suspended operations on the dam by a strike. For three weeks the Seventh regiment was on duty at the dam. This was the only serious disturbance of the kind in the whole course of the work.

MANY LASHED TO DEATH

Subjects of Belgian King Are Maimed by Soldiers.

Boston, Mass., April 13. — It was announced in the people's meeting in the Church of the Epiphany that an appeal had been made to the United States by Gov. Curtis Guild, jr., of Massachusetts, to intercede against the atrocities being practised in the Congo Free State under the rule of King Leopold, of Belgium. Mr. Guild is vice president of the Congo Reform association. The Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, pastor of the Warren Street Baptist church, Boston, said he had left his pulpit for three months in order to tour the country and obtain facts about the terrible crimes which are being perpetrated in the Congo Free State.

"I got my information," Dr. Johnson said, "from the report of King Leopold's own commission of inquiry and from Protestant and Catholic missionaries. The report states that in six months 6,000 right hands were cut off from subjects whom King Leopold compelled to work for him without remuneration. These suject-slaves were guarded by an army whose soldiers were provided each with a chicotte. This instrument of torture is made of strips of green hippopotamus hide which are twisted and dried and made into a whip. The spiral edge of each strand, when the whip hardens, is as keen as a knife blade. When a slave falls short in his day's work he is stripped and held face downward while the chicotte is applied. Ninety lashes is the usual punishment. In many instances death resulted before the full punishment was meted out.

"Soldiers ordered to shoot men who failed to work expended their cartridges on game. When this was discovered the soldiers were ordered to bring back the right hand of a slave for each empty cartridge."

GARRISON IS TOO WEAK

Chinese Believe American Forces Should Be Stronger.

New York, April 14.—While native unrest continues, there is an augmentation of feeling in the community that the European and American governments are unwise in weakening their positions in the eyes of the Chinese.

Major General Ventres, commanding the British troops in North China, and Chief Engineer Blair have proceeded to Wei Hai Wei, ostensibly to disband the Chinese regiment, but really to return the harbor and port to China.

Even in case of local disturbances the burden of the first defense will fall upon the Americans. The Chinese have a fort on the wall, which secretly commands the American position. This would demand capture by a rush, but the American garrison is too weak to afford the necessary men. Meanwhile incendiary literature is being spread throughout the country.

WAS KILLED BY INDIANS

American Assayer in Mexico Slain by Yaqui Indians.

El Paso, Texas, April 15.—A telegram from Hermosillo, state of Sonorora, Mex., to the family of Samuel Williams, of this city, received says that Yaqui Indians killed Williams on Saturday. According to advices, his party was ambushed and the fate of the other members is unknown. Williams was assayer for a mining company at Carbo, Sonora.

GETS $1,000,000 WISH

Uncle Dies, Bequeathing Her 2,000,000 Gulden.

New York, April 13.—Nearly every day since she was a little girl Mollie Mayers has been heard to say, "Oh, how I wish some one would leave me a million dollars." The habit, formed in childhood, clung to her as a young woman. She repeated it more in fun than anything else and never thought for a moment that there was the remotest possibility of the wish becoming a reality.

While she was busy in her little glove and corset store at No. 137 Clinton street, the postman brought her a letter with a foreign stamp on it. She opened it without much interest, but a moment later she gave a gasp of astonishment. Before she finished the letter she was so excited she could hardly speak. The letter was from a relative named Josef Labendinger, in Austria, and stated that her uncle, Ephraim Haim Mayers, had died some months ago in the city of Chatin, Galicia, Austria, and in his will he had left Mollie 2,000,000 gulden. This is nearly $1,000,000, a gulden being equal to about 42 cents.

The letter further stated that all the young woman had to do was to send to the proper authorities in Chatin papers of identification sworn to in this city by a notary and the money would be forwarded to the consul here. Miss Mayers, who is about twenty years old, came to New York when she was eight years of age. For some years she has supported her mother and herself with the little store in Clinton street. She said last night that when she received the money she probably would open other stores.

The young woman is engaged to "Abe" Zwelbelson, who lives next door to her. It was said that he was not overjoyed at the news as he was afraid Miss Mollie would jilt him now that she was to become an heiress. But the young woman laughs at his fears and says she'll be true to him and the money won't make any difference. They are to be married in a few months, it is said.

WRITTEN 45 YEARS AGO

Letter Just Received by Father From Now Dead Son.

Stoughton, Mass., April 16.—"It is as though my boy had spoken to me from the dead."

These are the words Elisha Hawes, who is nearly ninety-three years of age, repeats as he reads and reads over again a letter he has just received through the dead-letter office from his son, who died in Virginia at the time of the civil war. The letter was written forty-five years ago. Where it has been during all the years and why it did not reach him sooner is a mystery to Hawes and his friends.

The young man was killed at the age of twenty-two by lightning after being at the front about six months. The letter was the last one he had written to his family. With it came a Randolph paper of the same date.

"I can't realize," says Mr. Hawes, "that the boy who wrote the letter would be sixty-seven years old and a civil war veteran now if he had lived."

The letter is a boyish one, giving details about the long marches, and is full of messages for family and friends.

SADNESS IN HIS TONES

Senator Platt Does Not Expect to Return to Senate.

New York, April 14.—Seated at his desk in his office in the United States Express company's building yesterday Senator Thomas C. Platt declared he would make no effort to be re-elected to the United States senate at the expiration of his term in 1909.

"It is true," he said with a touch of sadness in his tones, "that I do not expect to return to the senate when my present term ends. I will have gratified my desire for public office by that time."

SENATOR PLATT.

Further than this the senior senator from New York would make no further comment on his intended action. Asked whether developments in the insurance investigation had influenced him in forming his determination he withheld an answer. To friends, however, he said recently that he had made up his mind long ago to not seek another term.

$1,000,000 FOR "ELIJAH"

Voliva Ready to Turn Over Five Per Cent.

Chicago, April 14.—Conceding that John Alexander Dowie is sole and rightful owner of 5 per cent. of the property of Zion City, Overseer Voliva and the new administration are ready to turn over to the "first apostle" this amount, based upon a liberal estimate, after all of Zion's debts have been paid. According to Dowie's own oft-repeated claims that the estate is worth more than $10,000,000, this would give him $1,000,000.

To this "suggestion," informally made by representatives of the present rulers of Zion, Dowie is not averse, under certain conditions, but as a matter of personal pride he holds out for and demands that the amicable adjustment, if it can be effected at all, shall be brought about according to his wishes.

This was the status of affairs last evening after two long conferences between attorneys representing the various interests, held in the office of Jacob Newman. Those present at the conferences were Attorney Emil C. Wetton, acting for Dowie; Jacob Newman, attorney for the new Zion administration; S. O. Levinson, representing Zion creditors, and V. V. Barnes, head of the Zion City law department.

At the conclusion of the last conference the attorneys announced that the time had been spent in trying to settle upon a basis for an adjustment, but that no formal propositions had been made by either side and that another conference would be held today.

MESSAGE FROM WITTE

U. S. Consul Arrives—1,600 Steerage Passengers.

New York, April 13.—Ethelbert Watts, United States consul general at St. Petersburg, was a passenger on the steamer Pennsylvania, arriving here today from Hamburg. He said that he is the bearer of a letter from Count Witte to President Roosevelt.

Among the steamer's steerage passengers were 1,600 men, all registered as unmarried, and nearly all of them Russians, who said they had served as soldiers in the war against Japan.

SENATORS ARE LECTURED

President Denounces Sensationalism of the Day.

ROOSEVELTIAN EPIGRAMS IN THE SPEECH, "THE MAN WITH THE MUCK RAKE."

There is a mighty little good in a mere spasm of reform. The liar is no whit better than the thief, and if his mendacity takes the form of slander, he may be worse than many thieves.

An epidemic of indiscriminate assault upon character does no good, but very great harm.

The man who never does any thing else, who never thinks or speaks or writes save of his feats with the muck rake, speedily becomes, not a help to society, but a potent force for evil.

The effort to make financial or political profit out of the destruction of character can only result in public calamity.

Expose the crime and hunt down the criminal, but remember even in the case of a crime, if it is attacked in a sensational lurid or untruthful fashion, the attack may do more damage to the public mind than the crime itself.

Reform is not all the case of a long uphill pull. On the contrary there is almost as much of breeching work as of collar work.

Washington, D. C., April 15.—In his address at the corner stone laying of the office building of the house of representatives Saturday afternoon, President Roosevelt talked directly at and to the United States senate when he had concluded the "muck rake" part of his speech. The President seemed to enjoy his opportunity, and smiled and leaned half way out of the platform when he wanted to drive each thrust home. The senators present listened and laughed, but several of them characterized the speech after it was concluded as a "lecture." Senators Foraker, Aldrich, Allison, Dolliver, Hopkins and others sat directly in front of him, and the President could have touched them with his outstretched hand had he chosen to do so.

In telling the senators of the necessary characteristics of a public servant the President shot out his words with explosive suddenness and leaned far out over the heads of his hearers. The President said in part:

The Man With the Muck Rake.

"Under altered external from we war with the same tendencies toward evil that were evident in Washington's time, and are helped by the same tendencies for good. It is about some of these that I wish to say a word today.

"In Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' you may recall the description of the man with the muck rake, the man who could look no way but downward, with the muck rake in his hand; who was offered a celestial crown for his muck rake, but who would neither look up nor regard the crown he was offered, but continued to rake to himself the filth of the floor.

"In 'Pilgrim's Progress' the man with the muck rake is set forth as the example of him whose vision is fixed on carnal instead of on spiritual things. Yet he also typifies the man who in this life consistently refuses to see aught that is lofty, and fixes his eyes with solemn intentness only on that which is vile and debasing. Now, it is very necessary that we should not flinch from seeing what is vile and debasing. There is filth on the floor, and it must be scraped up with the muck rake; and there are times and places where this service is the most needed of all the services that can be performed. But the man who never does anything else, who never thinks or speaks or writes save of his feats with the muck rake, speedily becomes, not a help to society, not an incitement to good, but one of the most potent forces for evil.

Evils in Body Polite.

"There are in the body politic, economic and social, many and grave evils, and there is urgent necessity for the sternest war upon them. There should be relentless exposure of and attack upon every evil man, whether politician or business man, every evil practice whether in politics, in business, or in social life. I hail as a benefactor every writer or speaker, every man who, on the platform or in book, magazine or newspaper, with merciless severity makes such attack, provided always that he, in his turn, remembers that the attack is of use only when it is absolutely true.

"The liar is no whit better than the thief, and if his mendacity takes the form of slander, he may be worse than most thieves. He puts a premium upon knavery untruthfully to attack an honest man or even with hysterical exaggeration to assail a bad man with untruth.

"One of the chief counts against those who make indiscriminate assaults upon men in business or men in public life is that the reaction which is sure to tell powerfully in favor of the unscrupulous scoundrel who really ought to be attacked, who ought to be exposed, who ought, if possible, to be put in the penitentiary. Aristides is praised overmuch as just, and tired of hearing it and overcensure of the unjust finally and from similar reasons results in their favor.

Excess Invites Reaction.

"Any excess is almost sure to invite a reaction; and, unfortunately, the reaction, instead of taking the form of punishment of those guilty of the excess, is very apt to take the form either of punishment of the unoffending or of giving immunity, and even strength, to offenders. The effort to make financial or political profit out of the destruction of character can only result in public calamity. Gross and reckless assaults on character, whether on the stump or in newspaper, magazine or book, create a morbid and vicious public sentiment, and at the same time put a profound deterrent to able men of normal sensitiveness, and tend to prevent them from entering the public service at any price.

"As an instance in point, I may mention that one serious difficulty encountered in getting the right type of men to dig the Panama canal is the certainty that they will be exposed, both without, and, I am sorry to say, sometimes within, congress, to utterly reckless assaults on their character and capacity.

"The men with the muck rakes are often indispensable to the well being of society; but only if they know how to look upward to the celestial crown above them; and if they gradually grow to feel that the whole world is nothing but muck their power of usefulness is gone. If the whole picture is painted black, there remains no hue whereby to single out the rascals for distinction from their fellows. Such painting finally induces a kind of moral color blindness, and people affected by it come to the conclusion that no man is really black, and no man really white, but they are all gray.

Discrimination Is Needed.

"To assail the great and admitted evils of our political and industrial life with such crude and sweeping generalizations as to include decent men in the general condemnation means the searing of the public conscience. There results a general attitude either of cynical belief in and indifference to public corruption or else of a distrustful inability to discriminate between the good and the bad. Either attitude is fraught with untold damage to the country as a whole.

"The men who, with stern reality and truth, assail the many evils of our time, whether in the public press or in magazines, or in books, are the leaders and allies of all engaged in the work for social and political betterment. But if they give good reason for distrust of what they say, if they chill the ardor of those who demand truth as a primary virtue, they thereby betray the good cause and play into the hands of the very men against whom they are nominally at war.

A Period of Unrest.

"At this moment we are passing through a period of great unrest—social, political and industrial unrest. It is of the utmost importance for our future that this should prove to be not the unrest of mere rebelliousness against life, of mere dissatisfaction with the inevitable inequality of conditions, but the unrest of a resolute and eager ambition to secure the betterment of the individual and the nation. So far as this movement of agitation throughout the country takes the form of a fierce discontent with evil, of a determination to punish the authors of evil, whether in industry or politics, the feeling is to be heartily welcomed as a sign of healthy life.

"If, on the other hand, it turns into a mere crusade of appetite against appetite, of a contest between the brutal greed of the 'have-nots' and the brutal greed of the 'haves,' then it has no significance for good, but only for evil.

"We can no more and no less afford to condone evil in the man of capital than evil in the man of no capital.

"It is a prime necessity that if the present unrest is to result in permanent good the emotion shall be translated into action, and that the action shall be marked by honesty, sanity and self-restraint. There is mighty little good in a mere spasm of reform. The reform that counts is that which comes through steady, continuous growth; violent emotionalism leads to exhaustion.

"It is important to this people to grapple with the problems connected with the amassing of enormous fortunes, and the use of those fortunes, both corporate and individual, in business. We should discriminate in the sharpest way between fortunes well won and fortunes ill won; between those gained as an incident to performing great services to the community as a whole, and those gained in evil fashion by keeping just within the limits of mere law honesty. Of course, no amount of charity in spending such fortunes in any way compensates for misconduct in making them.

A Tax On Fortunes.

"As a matter of personal conviction, and without pretending to discuss the details to formulate the system, I feel that we shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of a progressive tax on all fortunes, beyond a certain amount, either given in life or devised or bequeathed upon death to any individual—a tax so framed as to put it out of the power of the owner of one of these enormous fortunes to hand on more than certain amount to any one individual; the tax, of course, to be imposed by the national and not the state government. Such taxation should, of course, be aimed merely at the inheritance or transmission in their entirety of those fortunes swollen beyond all healthy limits.

"Again, the national government must in some form exercise supervision over corporations engaged in interstate business—and all of the large corporations are engaged in interstate business whether by license or otherwise, so as to permit us to deal with the far reaching evils of overcapitalization.

"This year we are making a beginning in the direction of serious effort to settle some of these economic problems by the railway rate legislation. Such legislation, if so framed, as I am sure it will be, as to secure definite and tangible results, will amount to something of itself; and it will amount to a great deal more in so far as it is taken as a first step in the direction of a policy of superintendence and control over corporate wealth engaged in interstate commerce, this superintendence and control not to be exercised in a spirit of malevolence toward the men who have created the wealth, but with the firm purpose both to do justice to them and to see that they in their turn do justice to the public at large.

Honesty and Sanity Needed.

"The eighth commandment reads: 'Thou shalt not steal.' It does not read, 'Thou shalt not steal from the rich man.' It does not read, 'Thou shalt not steal from the poor man.' It reads simply and plainly, 'Thou shalt not steal.' No go, I whatever will come from that warped and muck morality which denounces the misdeeds of men of wealth and forgets the misdeeds practiced at their expense; which denounces bribery, but blinds itself to blackmail; which foams with rage if a corporation secures favors by improper methods, and merely leers with hideous mirth if the corporation is itself wronged. The only public servant who can be trusted honestly to protect the rights of the public against the misdeed of a corporation is that public man who will just as surely protect the corporation itself from wrongful aggression. If a public man is willing to yield to popular clamor and do wrong to the men of wealth or to rich corporations, it may be set down as certain that if the opportunity comes he will secretly and furtively do wrong to the public in the interest of a corporation.

"But, in addition to honesty, we need sanity. No honesty will make a public man useful if that man is timid or foolish, if he is a hot-headed zealot or an impracticable visionary. As we strive for reform we find that it is not at all merely the case of a long uphill pull. On the contrary, there is almost as much of breeching work as of collar work; to depend only on traces means that there will soon be a runaway and an upset. The men of wealth who today are trying to prevent the regulation and control of their business in the interest of the public by the proper government authorities will not succeed, in my judgment, in checking the progress of the movement. But if they did succeed they would find that they had sown the wind and would surely reap the whirlwind, for they would ultimately provoke the violent excesses which accompany a reform coming by convulsion instead of by steady and natural growth.

Wild Preachers of Unrest.

"On the other hand, the wild preachers of unrest and discontent, the wild agitators against the entire existing order, the men who act crookedly, whether because of sinister design or from mere puzzle headedness, the men who preach destruction without proposing any substitute for what they intend to destroy, or who propose a substitute which would be far worse than the existing evils—all these men are the most dangerous opponents of real reform. If they get their way they will lead the people into a deeper pit than any into which they could fall under the present system. If they fail to get their way they will still do incalculable harm by provoking the kind of reaction, which in its revolt against the senseless evil of their teaching, would enthrone more securely than ever the very evils which their misguided followers believe they are attacking.

"More important than aught else is the development of the broadest sympathy of man for man. The welfare of the wage worker, the welfare of the tiller of the soil, upon these depend the welfare of the entire country; their good is not to be sought in pulling down others; but their good must be the prime object of all our statesmanship."

WAS BORN IN BONDAGE

Uncle Pete, an Ex-Slave, Is Now 107 Years Old.

New London, Conn., April 11.—Next Friday Peter Hull, of this city, will celebrate his one hundred and seventh birthday. Peter is a negro and was born in St. John, Fla. He remembers when, in 1812, British ships entered the harbor of Fernandina. Later he came north with his father's family and settled on a farm near Briggs' Pond.

Peter's first job after coming north was in Norwich, where he worked for the late General Williams, an ancestral relative of William Williams, of New York, former commissioner of Immigration. That was fifty years ago.

Concerning the appearance of the British ships Peter says:

"My ole massa live in Fern'ndina, and one morn'n' I was a-sweepin' off the sidewalk. All of a suddint there was a big noise down de ribber, and massa he come to de doah and he says to me: 'What's dat noise?' And I say: 'Don't know massa, but it kim fum dem ships off dere.'

"All de time I was a-wo'kin'. Yes, sah; down in my kentry a colored man don't stop wo'kin when anybody ask him a question. No, sah! He keep right on. Leastwise dat's de way it used to be.

"Well, sah, my ole massa, he say to me: 'You go into de house.' And I went. It 'pears de noise we heard was fum two English ships dat come up de harbor. Dey wasn't firin' at de forts. No, sir; dey weren't doing nothing like dat. I don't know what dey was a doin'. All I know is dat dis was in de last war we had with England, and dese two vessels kim up de ribber to Fern'ndina. My ole massa done tole me dat when I was thirteen years old. Dat's all I know about it. But I tell you this: I'se been roun' here a good long while.

"Nobody ever done learned me to read or anything. Down in my kentry dey didn't uster let de colored folks get any education. It's different now. It used to be a crime for anybody to learn a black man to read. Young Massa Seton, he begin to learn me on the sly, and his fadder kotched him at it, and he says to him, he says: 'Don't you eber let me kotch you a-teachin' a slave again.'"

SALVATION ARMY WANTS TO MANAGE PRISONS.

London, April 16.—With a view to finally taking over all the prisons, asylums and workhouses in the United Kingdom, Bramwell Booth, son of the head of the Salvation Army, has offered to take control of the institutions of any city for three years as an experiment, believing that the Salvation Army can manage them more successfully and cheaper than the government.

Another Jim Bludso.

Evansville, Ind., April 16.—The big sidewheel excursion steamer Louisiana, carrying 400 passengers, struck a snag in the

RACE TROUBLE IS OVER

Sentiment Is Now Reversed in Springfield, Mo.

LYNCHINGS IN THE UNITED STATES SINCE 1893.			
1894	190	1901	135
1895	171	1902	96
1896	131	1903	106
1897	166	1904	90
1898	127	1905	56
1899	107	1906 (up to April 16)	14
1900	116		

Springfield, Mo., April 16.—Quiet prevailed here today and the indications were that the race trouble was over. The presence of the troops has had the effect of bringing the people to a full realization of the situation. The last of the state militia ordered here by Governor Folk arrived early today and six companies now patrol the streets.

With the first appearance of the soldiers last evening there came a revulsion of sentiment. Before midnight a decided reaction had set in, and people began to condemn the action of the mob that lynched the three negroes and burned their bodies.

Today this feeling gained strength, especially when it became thoroughly appreciated that Mabel Edmondson, the white domestic, had declared positively that Duncan and Copeland, two of the negroes lynched, were not her assailants. This also was heightened by the arrival from Jefferson City of an assistant attorney general sent by Governor Folk to aid the county officials in ferreting out and prosecuting the members of the mob, the names of many of whom are known.

Judge Lincoln, of the criminal court, today ordered a special grand jury convened on Tuesday morning. The jury will be instructed to make a thorough investigation of the lynching and the other acts of the mob, and to indict all the leaders who may be apprehended. The better class of citizens were strong today in their demands that the rioters be punished to the full extent of the law and every effort will be made to secure convictions.

Under the direction of Captain Willis, of Company H, of Nevada, Mo., who is the officer of the day, the soldiers pitched their tents today. Outposts were maintained during the night on all the principal streets leading to the jail. No disturbance of any kind was reported.

Today the negroes who fled to the woods returned to their homes and many others, who had hidden themselves in their homes, appeared upon the streets. Crowds of people today still walked the streets, passing from point to point of interest, but no attempt was made to interfere with the negroes.

After the lynching of Duncan and Copeland Saturday night, the mob's thirst for blood had not been appeased. Among the prisoners in the jail was a negro, Will Allen, who was accused of the murder of an old man named Rouark. Back to the jail started the leaders, with the thousands in pursuit, and there were threats of a wholesale execution of all the blacks left in the cells.

The hanging of Will Allen was the most brutal affair of the kind recorded in the annals of Missouri. When the mob reached the jail a second time the lights were out, and the leaders provided themselves with lanterns. The door of the cell occupied by the negro was battered down with sledge hammers, and the terror-stricken prisoner was found cowering under a cot in a corner. The mob surged into the narrow cell and almost beat him to death when he showed resistance. Still fighting, Allen was dragged from the cell, bound with rope and half carried, half dragged through the streets to the public square.

Arriving at the light tower, the negro exhibited remarkable courage. He walked up the steps to the platform without assistance and mounted the rail. The frenzied mass of humanity closed about the tower, men and boys shrieking like demons. Cries of "Hurry up, swing the d—d nigger off and burn him," were heard blocks away.

Allen was given a mock trial. Standing on the rail of the platform, one of the leaders of the mob addressed the throng in the square below. Beside him stood Allen.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "here before you is Will Allen, the man who cruelly murdered old man Rouark on the corner of Benton avenue and Center street. What will you do with him?"

"Hang him," came the cry from a thousand throats.

"Are you Will Allen?" asked the leader, addressing the negro.

"I am," said Allen.

"Have you anything to say?"

"Only that I did not kill Rouark."

"Make him tell who did," shouted many.

"Bur Cain killed Rouark," said Allen. "I had nothing to do with it."

"Hang him," again roared the mob in chorus.

Allen did not quake. In a firm voice he persisted in maintaining his innocense. The rope was fixed to a yard-arm and placed around his neck.

"Hang him," howled the mob.

"Jump off and show your gameness," yelled some.

Allen stood stolidly. One of the men on the platform then gave him a shove at exactly 2 o'clock and he plunged through the air. His neck was heard to break, but his weight was too much for the rope and it parted. His body turned a somersault and landed in the embers of the fire. He tossed about on the ground for a moment, his body contorted with convulsions. A score of men grabbed the rope, the broken ends were tied together and Allen was hauled clear of the ground. He is thought to have been dead when hanged the second time. After the body had swung for five minutes it was cut down and burned like the bodies of Copeland and Duncan.

TARTARS IN OPEN REVOLT

Resisting Cossacks Sent to Quiet the Caucassus.

Tiflis, Caucasia, April 17.—The Tartars in many places are resisting the punitive expeditionary forces, especially in Elizabethpol province. They recently caught a squadron of dragoons in a defile, routed them and killed two and mortally wounded four.

At Ahakalaki a number of Cossacks were killed on a train by prisoners whom they were charged to escort to Tiflis.

A WEAK MAN

My Dear Brother: If Worry, Dissipation or Hard Work has worn you out; if the Errors or Excesses of youth or early manhood have unstrung your nerves or sapped your energies; if Advancing Age has weakened your powers; or if Varicocele, Weak Organs, Lost Ambition, Nervousness, Failing Virility, or Bladder or Kidney Troubles bother you at any age, I want to tell you on my honor as a man that

Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men

used one tablet at a dose, three times a day, at home, or at your work, will cure you easier, quicker and cheaper than any other remedy in the world, and certainly prepare you anew for the duties and pleasures of a full and perfect manhood. My successful career of eight years at the same old stand proves that I am not a quack, fraud or fakir. Think of the record!—only 12 complaints (every one of which was made good) in 8 years, during which over 300,000 Weak Men of all ages were made strong, and the largest mail-order medicine business in the world built up. My Wonder-Workers do not contain poison, and the price is only one dollar per box, always cash with order, by ex. at your expense. If you send $1.15 I send it by mail sealed and prepaid. When you order please mention this paper. Sincerely your friend,

GEO. S. BECK, 18 Main St., Springfield, OHIO.

Hon. Asa S. Bushnell said: "There is no squarer man living than Geo. S. Beck."

Dr. J. A. West says: "I use Wonder-Workers in my practice. It is the best of all, and perfectly safe to use under any circumstances."

Thousands of cured men say, "best on earth."

MRS. DEPEW AT HOME

Went Almost Immediately to Her Husband.

New York, April 16.—Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew arrived on the White Star steamer Celtic from a trip abroad and went first to the family home in West Fifty-fourth street and later to Scarboro-on-the-Hudson, where Senator Depew is ill.

Mrs. Depew showed the effects of a recent illness. She was pale, and in addition to her maid, was accompanied by

MRS. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

a nurse. She was met by Chauncey M. Depew, jr., and Dr. Munn, the family physician. She was greeted affectionately by her stepson and immediately engaged the physician in an earnest conversation. Dr. Munn went with her to Scarboro. In the neighborhood it is said Senator Depew's health is much improved and he is able to take drives in pleasant weather.

INDIAN PRAYS TO GOD

Chief of Apache Tribe Is Critically Ill.

Lawton, O. T., April 17.—Geronimo, chief of the Apache Indians, is critically ill at his home on Fort Sill military reservation, and the tribe has decided today that he could live only a few days. When his biographer called on him Geronimo said:

"I am praying to the white man's God, who has made me a man fit for heaven, to spare my life for a few years longer; to spare it until I am freed from custody and see my people in free homes.

"God knows my heart is good, but I am telling him my people need me here more than I am needed in a better world."

Geronimo is 76 years old. He is living with his eighth wife, to whom he was married on last Christmas day.

SNAKE TOOTS A WHISTLE

Pulls Rops in Sawmill and Rouses Hoosier Town.

Martinsburg, Ind., April 16.—Ervin Durnill, who runs the engine in the sawmill here, had a three-foot rattlesnake, whose demise occurred recently, which blew the whistle of his engine for him.

This is a true story.

The whistle blew so long and hard that everybody in the town ran to the mill thinking it was an alarm of fire. They found Durnill standing at the door of the engine-room apparently afraid to enter, while on the rope attached to the whistle the snake was wound, tooting as though it enjoyed it.

The theory of the local zoologists is that snake crawled up on the boiler of the engine during the night to keep warm, and that when Durnill got up steam it climbed the rope to escape the heat, its weight being sufficient to blow the whistle, and that Durnill was afraid to go after the critter.

The engineer, however, denies he was afraid. There is another story going around, that Durnill had trained the snake to blow the whistle at seven o'clock every morning, and that this morning Durnill's assistant, becoming overenthusiastic, simply worked too long, rousing the whole place.

Somebody got a shotgun and killed the snake.

ANIMALS WERE SEASICK

Crew of Steamer Bring Over a Small Menagerie.

Philadelphia, April 17.—Monkeys chattered, snakes hissed and wild animals roared from the hold of the German steamship Schonfels, when 40 stevedores boarded the ship preparatory to unloading her cargo of jute at Christian street wharf.

The ship arrived in this port from Calcutta, and all unknown to the stevedores she carried, with her other consignments, a small menagerie stowed away in nooks and corners of the hold.

Nearly every man jack aboard owned something in the way of a monkey, a lion cub, a tiger or a boa constrictor. In all there were 140 monkeys in the hold. There were 22 snakes, the smallest of which is ten feet in length; seven lions and four tigers.

On the way across the menagerie got seasick and the sailors said that the most horrible nightmare that ever came into their lives was as nothing to compare with the racket.

For three nights the lions and tigers howled without even a sign of let up or huskiness in their voices. It seemed as if the monkeys were blaming one another for the way they felt, and they took to fighting after they were two days out and never let up until the ship touched Christian street wharf.

Seven of them escaped and climbed the rigging, where they remained for ten hours before coming down. Three of the monkeys died from seasickness.

The snakes were the only part of the menagerie that did not make much noise, but they made up for that in mischief. The cook's pet boa constrictor, about 14 feet long, got loose and, entering the forecastle, presumably for medicine, got his nose into a sailor's overcoat and swallowed his wallet, containing $12.

INVENTS PHONE REPEATER

Makes It Possible to Telephone From California to New York.

San Francisco, April 17.—David C. St. Charles, an engineer of this city, has invented a repeater, which will make it possible to telephone from here to New York. What the so-called "repeater" has gone for telegrapny St. Charles' invention, it is now claimed, has done for the telephone.

The combining of the echo in nature with the sounding board of a violin furnished the clue to the discovery, according to a statement of St. Charles.

Superintendent John W. Glash, of the local telephone company, is quoted to the effect that the invention is a success.

LETTER TO DOWIE READ

Tells of the Many Defects In Zion City.

Chicago, April 16.—"There is no doubt for a moment that a failure to meet payments and an exposure of the true condition of things would send yourself, the cashier and the general financial manager to jail very promptly."

This is an extract from a long letter of warning and advice mailed to John Alexander Dowie from Zion City two years ago, when the first apostle was in Europe. The letter was signed by Overseer John G. Speicher, Deacon Charles J. Bernard, who was then financial manager of Zion, and V. V. Barnes, head of Zion's law department.

The letter, which was simultaneously read in the tabernacle at Zion City and by Overseer Piper to the Chicago Zionist congregation in Michigan avenue yesterday afternoon, was addressed to Dowie at Zurich, Switzerland, being mailed April 13, 1904, and plainly called his attention to what was called mismanagement, extravagance, misuse of funds and criminal action in receiving deposits into the bank when, as a matter of fact, the letter said the institution was insolvent.

Estimate Is Visionary.

"An examination of a statement of your assets and liabilities," read the latter, shows a condition of affairs which, if we allow a fair cash value for the land, would leave Zion's estate insolvent upon present conditions and fair outside estimates. The estimate of values justified by success and hence to be realized upon the attainment of an accomplished stability, warranted by a complete solution of the economic problems involved, is not too large as it has been made, but such an estimate will be regarded as visionary should the courts get control, and Zion's estate will not then measure up to one-fifth of the figure set. It will not do to permit such a condition to arise."

Gradually, and while seeking to condone his actions, the letter unfolds the seriousness of Dowie's tactics in the management of Zion.

"The using of funds," continues the epistle, "otherwise than in accordance with the representations made by the stock contracts and certificates and the proof of the appropriation of such large sums to your own personal use and for ends outside of the industries named, including what has been done at Ben MacDhui and elsewhere, would be tantamount to a conviction.

Criminal Laws Explained.

"Such is the extent of Zion that nowhere in the civilized world will you be without the pale of the extradition laws. The borrowing of such sums of money by the overseer (Dowie) from the bank, reducing the funds to less than a working basis, will be regarded as fraudulent and the receipt of deposits by the bank in a condition of insolvency, which a jury would say was known to yourself and Deacons Bernard and Peckham, would subject you all to prosecution under criminal laws, and nothing but the direct interposition of providence would save you from conviction."

In the regular afternoon service, which preceded the meeting, at which the letter was read, Overseer Voliva preached an old-fashioned Easter sermon. He said that John the Baptist and Christ were men of the simple life, John the Baptist did not go around claiming to be a second Elijah and Christ did not fast forty days as a miracle. A meeting of Zion investors will be held in Zion tonight.

"Elijah" Denounced.

At the Chicago meeting of Zionists there was a disturbance.

"If you go on upholding Dowie you'll lose your salvation with his," declared Overseer Piper, after reading a duplicate of the letter read at Zion City.

"You're a liar," shouted a woman in the congregation. She was Mrs. G. B. Hill, 137 Forty-second place, who was present with her husband. She continued to abuse Piper until she and her husband were removed by the ushers. In Zion City several days ago the couple created a disturbance by defending Dowie against a crowd of his enemies, who congregated in front of the administration building.

Overseer Piper declared that within a few days at least two of those now loyal to Dowie would desert him.

An Easter service was held by Dowie at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon in his hotel suite. About thirty persons were present. He delivered a brief gospel discourse, but made no reference then to the affairs of Zion.

No Comment on Letter.

After the service Dowie was asked if he desired to discuss the letter read at the meetings in the afternoon.

"I might say I had never seen it," was his reply, "but I won't. I have no recollection of having seen it, though. Certainly I do not want to comment on it."

Asked when he intended to go to Zion City, he replied: "I don't think it would be wise for me to say when I am going. All this talk of a compromise, however, is absurd."

ON TRIAL FOR HERESY

Pastor Accused of Denying Miraculous Birth of Christ.

Rochester, N. Y., April 17.—The parish house of St. James' Church of Batavia, N. Y., becomes the scene of one of the most notable and important heresy trials in the history of the Episcopal church of the United States. Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, rector of St. Andrew's church, of this city, will face an ecclesiastical court named by Bishop Walker of Buffalo, and answer charges which must be sustained for the upholding of the faith of the Christian denominations of the world. The most momentous results are expected to arise out of the trial, and a division of the Episcopal church is predicted by some of the most prominent persons associated with the proceedings.

Dr. Crapsey, 50 years of age, and for years one of the most active and influential pastors of his denomination, is charged with having uttered heretical sentiments a year or more ago. He is accused of deny the miraculous birth of Christ, and of refusing to accept the miracles as anything more than legends, or more worthy of belief than the stories of mythology.

WAS LOCATED BY A DREAM

Woman Finds Husband She Thought Dead and Gets Divorce.

Goshen, Ind., April 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Christian Longacher, of the Salvation Army, were married here for the second time yesterday in order to legalize their union, which was invalidated through the discovery that Mrs. Longacher's first husband, supposed to be dead, is alive.

Henry Randolph, of Findlay, O., married Laura E. Rhodes and deserted her. She located in Elkhart, and there heard that Randolph had died. Then she married Longacher two years ago.

Recently Longacher dreamed his wife's first husband was a prisoner at the Ionia (Mich.) reformatory. His curiosity was so aroused that he wrote the prison management and learned Randolph had been sentenced there for from two to fourteen years for criminal assault, and had been released at the expiration of the minimum time.

Mrs. Longacher then sued for divorce from Randolph. It was granted yesterday and when she told the judge of her predicament he advised a second marriage to legalize her union with Longacher. Longacher thinks the dream was an act of divine providence.

BIG FELT HAT BUSINESS

2,611,875 Dozen Produced in the United States.

Washington, April 12.—A substantial increase in the felt hat industry in the United States is shown in a preliminary summary of the census bureau just issued. The figures cover the calendar year 1904, and are compared with 1900, the year of taking the twelfth census and show an increase in the number of establishments of twenty-six per cent over 1900.

There were 216 such establishments in 1904, with a capital invested of $26,258,104, an increase of thirty-nine per cent; salaried officials, clerks, etc., 1,367, drawing salaries amounting to $1,483,236; wage earners, 22,028; wages $11,302,227. The total value of products was $26,629,353, not including $333,441 by-products reported from other industries. The total number of dozens of felt hats produced was 2,611,875, an increase of thirty-nine per cent over 1900.

GIVEN ROYAL WELCOME

Maxim Gorky Arrives In This Country.

New York, April 11.—"I do not know how long or how short my stay in this country will be, but of this I am sure, that while here I will try to do something for my fatherland."

Surrounded by his friends, many of

MAXIM GORKY.

whom are political exiles themselves, Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist, made this statement in his cabin on board the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which arrived in port last evening after a rough voyage.

Gorky, who was registered in the passenger list under his real name of Peshkoff, was accompanied by his wife and a secretary, Mr. Bousenine. He is a man of 38, about 5 feet 6 tall. His hair and his moustache are light, his eyes are blue and his nose sharp. He wore a long, black overcoat over his Russian blouse, high around his neck.

"The Jews will not suffer in case Russia should become a republic," he said. "I consider them a most valuable race for our country. Russia needs them and they should be given an opportunity. But the future will not be won without the use of force, and, unfortunately, our fight will have to be fought behind barricades."

Then, when asked what he intended to do in this country, Gorky expressed his wish to be useful to his fatherland while on the American continent.

"My next work," he said, "will be an autobiography, but at present I am not concerned with literature. I do not intend to speak in public here. In fact I am no orator, but I expect to give readings from manuscripts describing incidents during the Jewish riots and the revolution in the Baltic provinces. That, however, is a question of later concern. For the moment I bring to the people of the United States a most ardent message of love and affection from bleeding Russia, for which I ask your sympathy."

Tonight a dinner will be given in honor of Gorky. Besides his Russian friends many Americans are expected to attend, and one of the principal guests will be Mark Twain.

Before he returns, it is expected Gorky will travel all over the United States.

GERMANY'S DRINK BILL

Liquor Expenditure $672,588,000—Schools, $99,722,000.

Washington, April 11.—Money in France is the subject of a report by Consul General Skinner, of Marseilles, who says that there is a strong tendency on the part of the French investors to purchase good dividend paying American securities. One eminent French lawyer told him that the United States was the only great and settled country without complex problems for settlement, and he expected to make considerable purchases of American securities, and would advise his clients to do the same. The consul gives the total present foreign stock and bond investments of French citizens at over $13,000,000,000, and the people keep on saving and investing.

Consul McNally, in a report from Liege, says that Belgium's foreign trade for the year 1905 shows a marked progress over 1904, and stepped over the billion dollar mark. The imports increased 8 per cent to $556,650,000, and the exports 5.4 per cent more, or $515,735,000. Belgium continues to draw its main meat supply from the United States.

Germany's enormous drink bill is explained in letters from Consuls Brittain and Guenther. Each inhabitant consumes a yearly average of 6½ quarts of wine, 129½ quarts of beer and 9 quarts of brandy. For a population of 60,000,000 people, the liquor expenditure is $672,588,000. The average for male citizens over fifteen years, would be $37.36. By contrast, German expenditures for schools were $99,722,000, for working people's insurance $104,244,000, and for the army and navy $203,847,000. All these great public enterprises cost the German nation less than two-thirds of their alcoholic drink bill.

Germany's new tariff, under which the preferential position of the United States is extended to June 30, 1907, is detailed by Consul General Thackara from Berlin. He says that the duties on most all products imported into Germany have been increased, in some instances as high as 400 per cent, and several articles formerly on the free list have been made dutiable. The higher duties on food products will again raise the cost of living, and are causing discontentment among the commercial and working classes.

SENATOR SHOOTS A DOG

Animal Atacks Young Woman and Then Several Men.

Derby, Conn., April 17.—With a large Newfoundland dog snapping at her and her horse, Miss May Doolan drove into Seymour in terror. The dog had met her a mile away and tried to jump into the carriage. Twice the brute fastened its teeth in the horse's leg, only to be beaten back by the animal's heels.

In front of the Seymour brass mill the dog attacked the horse of Jacob Sunheim, who with workmen fought it off with pitchforks. The dog then sprang upon John W. Pilling, superintendent, and tore off his coat.

At the risk of hitting Pilling, State Senator W. H. Wooster, head of the mill, opened the window of his office, killed the dog with a shotgun. Miss Doolan, whose horse ran away, was caught and she was taken home in hysterics.

PASS ANTI-PERJURY BILL

N. Y. Senate Heeds Insurance Investigating Committee Report.

Albany, N. Y., April 17.—The senate last night passed the so-called anti-perjury bill proposed by the insurance investigating committee, the vote being ayes, 28; noes, 16.

The bill has passed the assembly once, but having been amended by the senate must return to the lower house for concurrence. The senate has still to act on the "bill generally amending the insurance laws." It is a special order for Wednesday, and is expected to consume the entire day.

RUSSIAN NOVELIST FLEES

Is Refused Admittance Into Three New York Hotels—Present Address Unknown.

Washington, April 16.—President Roosevelt will not have an interview with Maxim Gorky, nor will Gorky be permitted to see the secretary of state. No request for an interview for Gorky has been made.

Gorky came to the United States for the avowed purpose of raising funds to be used in attempting to overthrow the Russian government and to agitate the question of a republic for Russia or a constitutional monarchy. Russia and the United States are on friendly terms and for the President or secretary of state to receive Gorky will be construed as an unfriendly act, especially as it would enable the revolutionary leader to claim that the United States indorses their work.

In addition to this the disclosures regarding the domestic relations of Gorky will not open the doors of the White House to him.

The question of the marital status of Maxim Gorky has not been officially brought to the attention of the department of commerce and labor, nor is it known here what steps, if any, are being taken by the immigration commissioner at New York to ascertain the truth of the assertion that Gorky has not been divorced, and that his real wife, together with their children, is still in Russia.

It was stated today at the bureau of immigration that the matter of course will be investigated if complaint was officially made that Gorky's companion is other than his legal wife. The officials here are not concerning themselves about the case, feeling satisfied that if it is one warranting official action the immigration commissioner at New York has ample authority to act.

New York, April 16.—Hurt beyond words at what he considers the unjust attitude assumed in certain quarters toward himself and Mme. Andreieva, who he insists is his wife, Maxim Gorky, turned away from three hotels in one day, has gone into retirement. At 11:30 o'clock Saturday night he was compelled to leave the Hotel Rhinelander, after being refused accommodations at the Lafayette-Brevoort, where he and his party had gone upon leaving the Bellechire.

He went to "Club A," at 3 Fifth avenue, a co-operative home for sociological students, where he spent the night with Mme. Peshkoff, as all their friends call her. His adopted son, Nicolay Peshkoff, and his secretary, Teodorovitch Burenine, took the baggage and drove to the Grand Central station.

Sunday morning after breakfast at the Brevoort, Gorky and Mme. Andreieva, accompanied by friends, drove to the station and took a train for some place that has not been revealed. It is not known how long the author will remain in seclurion, but many of his friends are urging him to take advantage of the opportunity to prepare a detailed statement regarding his relations with the former actress, so that all may see that she is, as he asserts, really his wife.

St. Petersburg, April 16.—Mme. Gorky is in southern Russia, and her version of the question of a divorce from her husband, the novelist, has not yet been obtained.

Maxim Gorky's friendship with Mme. Andreieva is of more recent date than was supposed. As late as 1903 the novelist, with his wife and two children, toured the Caucasus. The children are boys, aged five and eight years.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY DEAD

Was In Command of Cruiser Colorado at Guantanamo.

Washington, April 13.—Capt. Duncan Kennedy, commanding the cruiser Colorado, died at Guantanamo yesterday, as the result of an operation for appendicitis.

The navy department was informed today of his death and also that his body will be brought to this country on one of the vessels of the second division of the battleship squadron, arriving in Hampton Roads, Tuesday morning next. Capt. Kennedy assumed command of the Colorado a year ago last January. He was a native of New York.

NEW USE FOR TYPEWRITER

Mutes Were Married in Novel Way in Colorado.

Pueblo, Col., April 17.—Probably for the first time since Adam took Eve as his wife, the typewriter has been used to aid in the tying of the nuptial knot.

Joe Capehart, of Ouray, and Miss Tela M. Porter, of Pueblo, deaf mutes, were united in marriage by County Judge F. G. Mirick. Judge Mirick dictated his record-breaking ceremony to Bailiff Thomas Morgan, and then a typewritten slip of paper was handed to Capehart. It read:

"Joe Capehart—

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony?"

A series of happy nods of assent from Capehart and then a similar typewritten slip was handed the blushing bride.

"Tela M. Porter—

"Do you you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony?"

More happy nods of assent.

Then, as both smiled seraphically, the court pronounced the closing words of the ceremony.

ROOSEVELT CONSIDERS A WESTERN TRIP.

Washington, April 13.—It was stated at the White House that President Roosevelt has taken up the question of a trip through the west during the spring or summer of 1907, although as yet he has not made any positive engagements, and in fact has not reached any positive conclusions. The intimation is that he is very likely to make such a trip. He has received a number of invitations from institutions and cities throughout the west to visit them, to all of which he has replied that he will take them under consideration. He expects to reach a conclusion before a great while.

REVOLUTION NOT REFORM

Russian Government Worried Over Maxim Gorky's Reception.

St. Petersburg, April 17.—Maxim Gorky's reception in the United States is giving the Russian government considerable concern. A high official here made the following statement:

"In listening to Gorky, the American people should understand that he is not a Liberal nor a reformer, but a revolutionist pure and simple. He is certainly a writer of talent, perhaps even a genius, and much that he says regarding the conditions in Russia doubtless is true, but it should be made clear that his object is not reform, but revolution.

"Mme. Andreiva, who accompanies him is not his wife. She also is a revolutionist, and M. Morosoff, one of Moscow's merchant princes, gave her $1,500,000 for the revolutionary cause. When the government last summer secured proof of this fact, he was given twenty-four hours to leave Russia or stand trial here. He fled to Paris, where he committed suicide."

LIEUT. GRAEME IS DEAD

Cause of Kearsarge Disaster Is Mystery.

Washington, April 16.—The cause of the accident on board the battleship Kearsarge in Cuban waters Saturday, by which seven men lost their lives, probably will not be ascertained until the completion of an investigation to be made by Rear Admiral Evans, who is expected at Caimenara today.

The latest information received by the department came in the form of a brief cablegram from Rear Admiral Willard H. Brownsen, dated at Caimenara, which says:

"The Maryland and West Virginia have arrived. Lieutenant Joseph W. Graeme died Saturday as the result of the explosion in the turret of the Kearsarge. Remains will arrive in the Maryland ready for shipment north. The commander-in-chief is expected. Of the seven men injured on board the Kearsarge, William King, ordinary seaman, and Frederick Fisher, chief gunner's mate, are in a very grave condition, but maintaining vitality well."

Careful reading of the dispatch made public by the department leads to a theory that the powder which exploded had just been taken from one of the 13-inch guns. Each charge for this class of gun weighs about 260 pounds and is put up in four sections of sixty-five pounds each, with a black powder primer in each section. These are pushed into the breech of the gun by an automatic rammer, two at a time, the shell being in advance of the charge. The fact that one section remained in the gun unexploded, and that three were in the hoist and caused the disaster, indicates that the gun was evidently being unloaded.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

Washington, April 10.—Senate—The senate today listened to a speech by Mr. Bailey on the railway rate bill, in which he advocated his amendment for the non-suspension of the orders of the interstate commerce commission pending a review by the supreme court. The chamber was crowded while he was speaking, and he was given a remarkable demonstration when he sat down. A significant remark by Mr. Hale indicated the possibility of an understanding and an early vote on the measure.

House—For seven hours today the house had under consideration the postoffice appropriation bill, but only in a few instances were the provisions discussed. During the debate on the special appropriation for railway mail pay bitter words were exchanged between representatives from North Carolina, Arkansas and Kentucky, but all were within the rules of the house. A humorous speech was made by J. Adam Bede (Minn.), and Charles A. Towne (N. Y) spoke in behalf of the Jamestown exposition. It was agreed that general debate close tomorrow and that at 3 o'clock on Thursday an hour be granted to Mr. Cockran (N. Y.).

Washington, April 11.—Senate—In the senate today Mr. Aldrich expressed the opinion that the end of the general debate on the railroad rate bill would become apparent before the last of this week and that then an agreement upon a day for a vote could be reached. The session was almost entirely devoted to consideration of the conference report on the Indian bill. There was a sharp controversy between Mr. Tillman on one side and Messrs. Teller and Clapp on the other, over an amendment inserted by the senate, which provides for the ratification of the disbursements of $186,000 of the loyal Seminole fund by Special Agent J. E. Jenkins and Administrator A. J. Brown. The South Carolina senator contended that the Indians had been defrauded. No conclusion was reached.

House—After nearly ten days of general debate, with the postoffice appropriation bill as the vehicle for the discussion of a wide range of topics, the house reached the consideration of the measure itself late in the day, an hour being given to reading it. Not in years has there been so much talk on any one appropriation bill under the fiction of "general debate" as in this instance. There were a number of lively exchanges between the members during the day.

Washington, April 12.—Senate.—After a brief speech by Mr. Latimer in support of the house railroad rate bill, Mr. Foraker took the floor in the senate today and consumed nearly all of the remainder of the session in an address on the same measure. Mr. Lodge spoke in support of the practice of granting lower railroad rates on goods intended for export than on those used in domestic consumption. Conference reports on the urgent deficiency appropriation bill and the measure providing for the settlement of the affairs of the five civilized tribes of Indians were accepted. The house substitute for the senate bill ratifying an agreement with the lower Brule Indians of South Dakota was passed as was a concurrent resolution, including senators and representatives in the bill prohibiting officials of the government from prematurely giving out private information of the government.

House—The feature of the proceedings in the house was the speech of Mr. Cockran, who was given an hour to elucidate the subject of "general debate" on appropriation bills. Progress was made on the postoffice appropriation measure, eighteen of the twenty-nine pages being completed. The few amendments adopted did not change the amount of the appropriations to any considerable extent.

Washington, April 13.—Senate.—The entire session in the senate today was devoted to the consideration of bills to which there was no objection. More than 300 were passed, most of them being private pension measures. Among those of general interest were the following: Increasing the pensions of ex-soldiers who lost limbs in the service, retiring and pensioning petty officers and men of the army, and marine corps after thirty years' of service, at three-fourths of their regular pay; increasing the pensions of ex-soldiers of the Mexican war to $20 per month and making the attainment of 75 years of age evidence of disability; authorizing the appointment of a commission to examine into the protection of American citizens abroad. A conference report on the pension appropriation bill was adopted.

House.—Members of the house indulged in a heated controversy over certain remarks by Mr. Hopkins (Ky.), which had been extended in the Record and which criticised Mr. Bennett (N. Y.). The matter at once took on a partisan cast and Mr. Williams and Mr. Dalzell nearly clashed on the floor when they were ordered to their seats by the speaker. The postoffice appropriation bill was passed, after a roll call on the southern fast mail subsidy provision, which was retained.

Washington, April 14.—Senate.—The Senate met at 2 o'clock today and adjourned six minutes later until Monday, the only business transacted being the reception of the postoffice appropriation bill from the house. The brevity of the session was due to the desire of members to attend the laying of the corner stone of the house of representatives office building.

House.—Eulogies of the late Senator Platt, of Connecticut, were the special order of business in the house. Mr. Sperry (Conn.) was the principal speaker, twelve other members participating. When the journal was read several members insisted on corrections in the record of the vote on the Southern Railway mail subsidy, and the vote now stands 97 in its favor to 96 opposed. The conference report on the bill for the settlement of the affairs of the five civilized tribes of Indians was agreed to.

Washington, April 16.—Senate—Mr. Tillman, at the opening of the session today, offered a resolution providing for an inquiry by the committee on finance into contributions by national banks to campaign committees. It went over. Mr. Heyburn spoke at length on the railway rate bill. The Indian appropriations bill was taken up for committee amendments, but was not completed.

House—Rules were suspended and a number of important measures passed. One was for the removal of the tax on denatured alcohol rendered unfit for beverages. Another forbade the importation or carriage by interstate or corporation of falsely stamped articles of precious metals. A third extended the time when the coastwise laws of the United States shall apply to the Philippines to April 11, 1909. The bill permitting national banks to loan 10 per cent of their capital and surplus to one individual or corporation, instead of 10 per cent of the capital alone, was passed, as was a concurrent resolution authorizing the clerk to restore to the bill providing for the disposition of the affairs of the five civilized tribes the part proposed to be stricken out in one of the amendments of the senate.

KANSAS HIT BY TORNADO

Several Persons Hurt and Numerous Houses Destroyed.

Wichita, Kan., April 13.—A tornado struck Stafford, Kan., last evening, slightly injuring several persons and demolishing several houses.

The storm came from the southwest, passed over the business part of the town without damage and struck in the northeast quarter of the town. The home of Fred Tanner and the parsonage of the Congregational church were demolished. The Quaker church was blown down, the debris crushing the home of Mrs. Ella Granger, who was hurt.

Mrs. Edward Gleisburg saw the storm coming and ran into the yard to rescue her child. Before she reached him she was hurled against a telephone pole across the street. The child was not hurt.

The storm jumped a little further to the northeast, demolishing several small houses and damaging others.

Four miles west of Stafford another tornado blew down several farm buildings and injured R. F. Silvers. The sun shone brightly while these storms were blowing.

Another tornado is reported at Bushton, 30 miles north of Stafford. Several buildings were blown down. No one was seriously injured.

Austin, Tex., April 13.—A special to the Statesman from Bertram, Texas, says Briggs, Texas, was swept by a tornado yesterday afternoon and almost destroyed. Two persons are reported killed and 30 injured, six fatally.

At Cleburne, Tex., the storm blew down the grand stand in the ball park during the progress of a game. Several persons were injured.

The heaviest rain in years fell in Dallas last night and a general rain is reported over north Texas.

THE MARKETS.

Toledo, April 17.—Close.—Wheat went higher on light offerings. The demand started active, and any little buying had the effect of hardening prices. Shorts of yesterday were endeavoring to cover. Other interests took advantage of the bulge and sold. The advances indicated by cables were attributed by Broomhall to reduction of stocks, the good continental demand for cargoes off coast, and the excellent inquiry for La Plata cargoes which are sparingly offered. Weather map was regarded as a bearish factor. Pits were inclined to believe that the position of the old crop was not strong, with the supplies too large to be effectively reduced before the full tide of the new crop sets in. Receipts northwest and southwest were materially larger than comparative periods.

Larger sales in flour coupled with a good demand for cash were the responsible factors in the advance of wheat today. Available showed a decrease of 1,206,000 bushels. Primary wheat receipts were 268,000 bushels, against 306,000 a week ago and 329,000 a year ago; shipments were 218,000 bushels, against 260,000 and 256,00.

Corn firmed under the influence of wheat, but big shorts were fighting the advance. Offerings were small, which was due in a measure to the lighter receipts. May was believed to be congested. Liverpool prices were exceptionally strong. Available decreased 1,96,000 bushels. Closing was strong.

Primary corn receipts were 292,000 bushels, against 362,00 a week ago and 433,000 a year ago; shipments were 912,000 bushels, against 801,000 and 907,000.

There were few changes revealed in the price level of oats. The demand was active. Receipts were not large. Undertone was buoyant, but inclined to be strong. The available showed a decrease of 1,142,000 bushels. Closing was about steady.

Clover seed prices slumped 25c this morning with no particular reason assignable except the closing of the season. Demand was slow and light. Offerings from tired longs were more or less prominent. Receipts were light. Closing was weak.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Apr. 17.	Close Apr. 16.
Wheat—					
Cash	86½	87	86½	87	86½
May	*86	86⅝	86	86⅝	86⅞
July	80⅝	81¼	80⅞	81¼	80⅞
Sept.	80	80⅝	80	80⅝	79⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	50½	50
May	*48	48⅜	48	48	48
July	47¼	47¼	47¼	47¼	47½
Sept	*47½	47⅝	47½	47⅝	47⅜
Oats—					
Cash	32	32	32	....	32
May	32½	32½	32½	....	32½
July	31⅛	31⅛	31⅛	....	31⅛
Clover Seed—					
Cash	6.35	6.35	6.25	6.25	6.50
April	6.30	6.30	6.25	6.25	6.50
Oct.	6.02	6.02	6.00	6.00	6.05
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	66	66
No. 3	....	....	....	62	62
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.52½	1.52
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.20	8.20

*Bid.

NEW YORK.

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